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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

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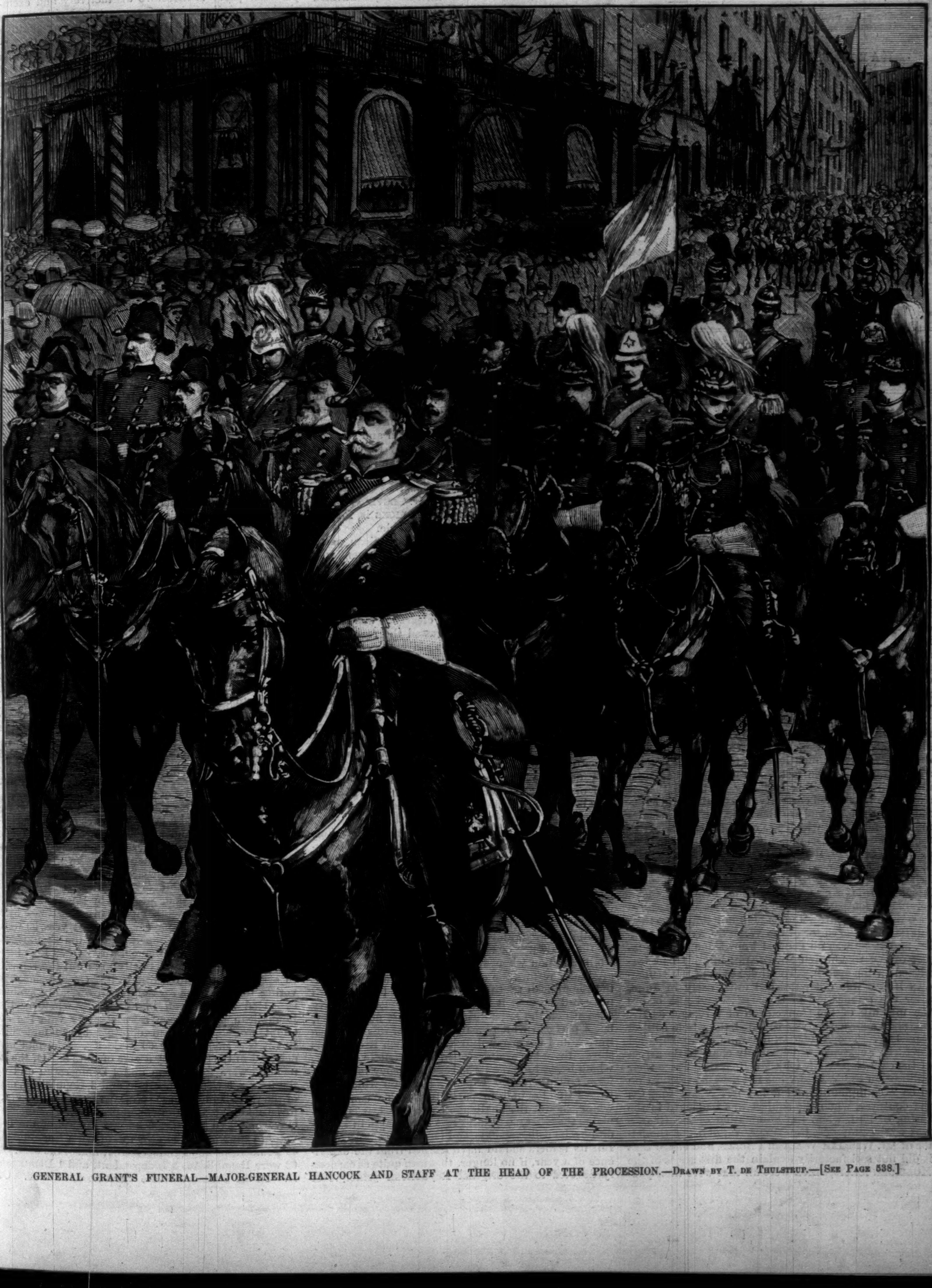

GENERAL GRANT'S FUNERAL—MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK AND STAFF AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 538.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers *are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to* Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, *and* Harper's Young People, *at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* Harper & Brothers.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for August 11 opens with a picture entitled "The Music Lesson," accompanied by a poem by Margaret Johnson.

An illustration by Jessie Shepherd *and a poem by* Kirk Munroe, *which bears the title of*

"THE HERO AND THE DAISIES,"

are of surpassing interest at this time. They tell the pathetic story of how little children carried handfuls of daisies, which they had gathered on the slopes of Mount McGregor, to General Grant *during the last days of his illness.*

A poem on another subject of great interest at this season is entitled "Farmer Brown and the Fresh-air Fund." It is by Mary D. Brine.

The second part of "Violet" brings that story to a close. Katherine D. McIlvaine, *a new writer of juvenile fiction, contributes a humorous story called "Captain Kidd."* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie *takes her readers on an excursion "In the Country of King Arthur."*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 15, 1885.

☞ *An* Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

TAKING A RECKONING.

The Worcester *Spy*, a journal which is published in the city in which Senator Hoar lives, says, in a recent number, alluding to some remarks of Harper's Weekly quoted by the Boston *Advertiser*:

> "We may think that men who, like Mr. Curtis and Dr. Clarke [James Freeman], came to the conclusion that Mr. Blaine was innocent when all the charges against him were fresh, might well have shown some deference to the vast majority of their Republican associates who remain of the same opinion to-day."

The *Spy* immediately adds that "this is not the point." If it be not the point, it really seems to be unnecessary to revive without examination the falsehoods of last year's campaign. The position of Dr. Clarke in that campaign needs no defense, and he is quite able to dispose of any injurious insinuations in regard to his conduct. The falsity of the statement that Mr. Curtis came to the conclusion that Mr. Blaine was innocent was promptly exposed in Harper's Weekly when it was first published last year by the Chicago *Tribune*. The exposure was repeated two or three times during the campaign as the story re-appeared, and notably when Senator Hoar re-asserted it in a speech, as it is now mentioned in the Worcester *Spy*, as an unquestionable fact. If the subject be worth mentioning at all, it is certainly desirable that it should be mentioned correctly. Its untruthful statement is injurious, and we therefore repeat the statement of the facts, which are evidently unknown to the Worcester *Spy*, as undoubtedly they were to Senator Hoar. On the 13th of May, 1876, Harper's Weekly, together with all other Republican papers in the country, declared that Mr. Blaine's speech of April 24, in the absence of further evidence, was a complete exculpation. The speech was Mr. Blaine's *ex parte* statement. The Mulligan letters were then unknown to the editor of the Weekly, as to the public, and there was no general knowledge of the subject except that which Mr. Blaine himself had furnished in his speech. The first series of the Mulligan letters was not published until early in June, after the publication of the article, and just before the meeting of the Convention of 1876, and as Mr. Blaine's nomination was defeated, the whole subject passed by. The Mulligan letters of course supplied the further evidence, which wholly changed the aspect of the case as presented by Mr. Blaine. Since their publication the Weekly has not held the vindication to be "triumphant," and it has never said so. On the contrary, when the subject was re-opened in the spring of 1884, when the nomination of Mr. Blaine was again proposed, the Weekly published the letter of Mr. William Walter Phelps, and stated that it did not satisfactorily explain the first series of the Mulligan letters, which were all that were then published, and in its next issue of the Weekly said that "the friends of Mr. Blaine make a fatal mistake if they suppose that all those who now protest, in the interest of Republican success, against a certain possible action of the Convention, would support any candidate who might be nominated," and it said further that in its judgment the Independent voters of 1879 and 1882, and of "all other years," "would actively and influentially oppose the election of Mr. Blaine."

This certainly did not show that the Weekly had come "to the conclusion that Mr. Blaine was innocent." It had thus stated the explanation of the letters to be unsatisfactory, and had foretold the resolute Independent opposition to Mr. Blaine's election, before the existence of the second series of Mulligan letters was known—a series which merely confirmed the conclusions which the Weekly had drawn from Mr. Phelps's attempted explanation in the interest of Mr. Blaine's nomination. But even if the editor of Harper's Weekly had ever said—what he did not say—that Mr. Blaine had thoroughly and satisfactorily explained both the first and second series of letters—if he had advocated Mr. Blaine's nomination in the Convention, and had begun to support his election, and had then seen adequate reason to believe that he was mistaken, and that the candidate was unfit—the editor would not have hesitated to own his mistake and to oppose the election of Mr. Blaine. We can not, of course, suppose that the *Spy* really means to assert that upon such a question as was presented by the Mulligan letters intelligent and conscientious voters will subordinate their own conclusions to the opinions of other voters, because a more degrading doctrine in political action could not be proposed. The *Spy*, indeed, says that it does not ask any Republican to support a candidate whom he believes to be unfit, but only not to vote for an unfit Democratic candidate. But no Independent Republican that we know ever voted or proposed to vote for such a candidate. Having decided last year on adequate grounds that for the welfare of the country and of the Republican party the Republican candidate ought to be defeated—which was the Independent Republican position—such a Republican sensibly took the obvious and direct course to secure that result, not by refusing to vote, but by voting for the Democratic candidate. This course was made very much easier and more agreeable by the fact that Mr. Cleveland was especially fitted by conviction and courage to promote the reform in which many Independent Republicans were deeply interested, and which, in their judgment, would certainly not be promoted by Mr. Blaine, even if for other reasons they could have supported him. They voted for Mr. Cleveland, and to say that they voted for Mr. Hendricks is, for the purposes of the argument, a mere quibble.

The *Spy* says further that the Republican party proposes to secure certain results, which it mentions, and which good citizens generally approve. But the nomination of last year indicated no purpose of progress and reform; on the contrary, it showed that the reform sentiment in the party was practically powerless; and the more clearly it was proved that the nomination truly expressed the real preference of the party, the more plainly it was demonstrated that it was not a reform party. The party was defeated by its own reformers, whose place, it seems to us, was ill supplied by a large body of Democratic recruits. The Republican course this year in New York and Massachusetts will be watched with great interest. The spirit and purpose of the party will not be inferred from the assertions of platforms, but from the character of the nominations and the general tone of the press and the orators. However desirable civil service reform and unterrified and unbought elections everywhere in the country may be, we do not believe that Independent Republicans suppose that they can be secured by voting for unfit Republican candidates anywhere. The Worcester *Spy* can not seriously think that the nomination of Mr. Quay as the representative Republican in Pennsylvania reveals an earnest Republican devotion—to use its own words—"to purifying the civil service," and "to trampling out the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils," or to suppressing bribery at elections, or to honest politics in general. Sincere devotion to great and desirable public objects, attested by the character of candidates and by the course of administration where Republicans are in power, may gradually restore the old prestige of the party. But the Republican tradition alone, splendid as it is, will not avail, because it is not the old Democratic party with which the Republican party must now reckon, but a party in which—as the action of this Administration and the party differences which it occasions show—there is a young, fresh, and patriotic element, which hopes to make its party the agency of real reform and progress. This is a situation which challenges the Republican party to a noble contest, in which, should the challenge be accepted, it is undeniable that that party has great advantages in its traditions, its achievements, and its general intelligence. But its leaders should have learned from the experience of a year, if no longer, that men quite as earnestly devoted to the original Republican principle of equality before the law, to radical reform in the civil service, to an unterrified vote in the Southern States, and an unbought vote in the Northern States, as the most fanatical partisan of Mr. Blaine and the most furious hater of Mugwumps, do not believe that by voting in New York or elsewhere for Republican candidates without regard to their fitness or personal character or political career and significance, they are really helping to reform the national civil service or to prevent violence to voters in Mississippi.

REFORM NOT A PARTY POLICY.

There is no doubt that the civil service reform movement is stronger among Republicans than Democrats, but it is a great mistake to assume that the Republican party is therefore distinctively and exclusively the civil service reform party. Neither of the parties, as such, is a reform party in any positive sense, while it is undeniable that President Cleveland has shown more regard for reform principles and has more resolutely resisted the evil pressure of Democratic politicians for spoils than any Republican President has resisted the similar pressure of Republican politicians. When, therefore, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* says that "whatever has been accomplished in the way of reform has been through the Republican party, and the only hope of reform for the future is in the Republican party," it shows that it is misinformed. The movement was begun by Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, a Republican, who may be truly called the father of the reform. His efforts resulted in the appointment of the first Advisory Commission by President Grant. Congress was overwhelmingly Republican, but it was very unfriendly, and in his Message of 1876 President Grant said that if Congress adjourned without positive legislation upon the subject, he should regard its action as disapproval. The Republican Congress took no action, and reform was practically abandoned.

The movement began again in the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, when Senator Pendleton introduced a bill. Nothing was done, and in the Forty-seventh Congress he again introduced his bill, which was modelled upon a bill of Senator Edmunds of 1872. For this bill Mr. Pendleton substituted the one which was prepared by a sub-committee of the New York Association—a committee composed of members from both parties. This bill Mr. Pendleton reported from the committee in March, 1882. But in the summer of 1882 the Republican House ridiculed the whole project, contemptuously reduced the small appropriation asked for by the President, and after voting down his veto of the River and Harbor Bill, adjourned. The elections of the autumn of 1882 were interpreted as a rebuke of Republican infidelity to reform, and immediately upon assembling Congress made haste to pass the Pendleton bill, by a vote of 36 to 5 in the Senate, and of 155 to 47 in the House, Republicans and Democrats voting together. Four months later the first State reform law was passed in New York by a Democratic Legislature, and with the strong favor of a Democratic Governor. The national law, within its limits, was honorably enforced by the Republican President, the State law by the Democratic Governor, and at that Governor's recommendation the law was made more stringent and was applied to cities. A State law was passed last year in Massachusetts under Republican auspices, and in no other State controlled by either party has the reformed State system been introduced. It is thus very evident that it is a mistake to say with the *Sentinel* that "whatever has been accomplished in the way of reform has been through the Republican party," and one fact in the annals of the last year shows that reform, however favored by Republicans, is very far from being the policy of the party.

In the Legislatures of two States in which the reform is established by law, New York and Massachusetts, a deliberate and dangerous attempt was made early in this year to paralyze and practically to annul the law under the plausible plea of gratitude to soldiers and sailors. The effort was made in Legislatures with large Republican majorities. In New York it was ably opposed in debate both by Republicans and Democrats. But it was supported in the House by a vote of 84 yeas to 24 nays. Of the 84 yeas, 39 were Republican and 45 Democratic; of the 24 nays, 20 were Republican and 4 Democratic. Of 59 Republicans voting, 39 voted practically to annul the reformed system, and 20 to maintain it. Of 49 Democrats voting, there were 45 for the overthrow, and 4 against it. Had reform been in any sense whatever the Republican policy, upon a strict party vote the attempt would have been defeated by 10 majority. But it was sustained by 60 majority. The plot was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 19 to 8. Of the 19 nays, 15 were Republican and 4 Democratic; and of the 8 yeas, 5 were Democratic and 3 Republican, one of the three being Senator McCarthy, who is seeking to be nominated by the Republicans for Lieutenant-Governor. In the Massachusetts House, of the 107 votes in support of the attempt, 57 were Republican, 49 Democratic, and 1 Independent; and of the 66 nays, 62 were Republican, 3 Independent, and 1 Democratic. In the Senate the vote was a tie of 16 to 16. Of the 16 yeas, 11 were Republican, and 5 Democratic; and the 16 nays were all Republican. These figures show that while there is a strong Republican sentiment for reform, it is in no sense the party policy, and they show proportionately still less interest in reform in the Democratic party. On the other hand, it was Mr. CLEVELAND'S identification with reform that extorted his nomination from his party, and Republican reformers who supported him are not yet shown to have been deceived. Of course the Republican party in opposition will be a professed reform party, and if the sincere and strong reform sentiment in its ranks should really control the party action, and should refuse to sustain the party whenever its nominations and its general course are opposed to reform, it may become truly the reform party. Meanwhile the chances of success for either party depend upon its proved fidelity to reform, and for civil service reformers that result is a prodigious triumph.

MEMBERS TO RE-ELECT.

THERE were certain members of the late Legislature of New York who maintained the best traditions of the Republican party. They were honest, intelligent, able, sagacious, and they stoutly resisted all corrupt and demagogical measures, whether they were proposed by Republicans or Democrats. They were in no sense responsible for the reputation of the late Assembly, which was one of the least reputable of recent years, and the Republican party in New York is indebted to them for saving its name from utter discredit. Should these gentlemen be willing to return to the next Legislature, and yet be set aside for others, the act would be very significant and very injurious to the party. The newspaper talk about the party as being more harmonious, united, and enthusiastic than ever is a tale for the marines. There was never a time in this generation when there was such relaxation of party ties, and when both parties were so much upon trial, as now.

One reason of this situation upon the Republican side is found in the opposition to the re-election of such men as we have mentioned. The opposition shows the spirit and the purposes of those whose success would be fatal to the party. It is the oldest and yet the most constantly neglected of truths that a party is generally rightfully judged by the character of its leaders and its candidates, and that in a time like this, when there are practically no dividing issues between parties, the popular judgment depends almost wholly upon candidates. In New York, for instance, nobody supposes that the Republicans and Democrats will each propose a general scheme of State policy and measures upon a choice of which popular judgment will be invoked. They will depend upon party spirit and successful deals, while the result of the election will be chiefly determined by the character of the candidates. A Republican candidate for Governor of the highest character and ability, whose name should be the earnest of independence, courage, and progress, would carry the State against any mere Democratic politician who should represent nothing whatever but the Democratic party. So a Democrat of the CLEVELAND stamp would beat an ordinary "regulation" Republican politician.

This fact should persuade both parties to put forward their best men for the State offices and for the Legislature, and especially it should secure the renomination upon the Republican side of such Assemblymen as General CURTIS, of St. Lawrence, and of those who stood with him in the late Legislature for old-fashioned Republican principle. It is stated that the Republican machine in the First District of St. Lawrence proposes to set General CURTIS aside for another and presumably a more supple candidate. Should such a course be taken, the reasons would be obvious, and the circumstances would be made fully known to the voters of New York, who would estimate accordingly the benefits of Republican success. The praise of Mugwump journals can not be turned to the injury of General CURTIS and his worthy Republican associates in the late Legislature, for they are praised, not as Mugwumps, which they were not, but as honest men and experienced legislators and useful public servants, which they are.

FRIENDS OF THE INDIAN.

BOTH the Indians and the Indian Rights Association are very fortunate in having for their friends President CLEVELAND and Secretary LAMAR, whose purpose to see fair play and to protect the Indians against injustice and wrong of every kind is apparent, and, with these high executive officers, Senator DAWES, and General ARMSTRONG of the school at Hampton, Virginia. General ARMSTRONG'S practical experience in teaching Indians, and his long and intelligent interest in the subject, make his counsel of the utmost value, and Senator DAWES'S personal inquiries and observations upon the reservations, his sound views of Indian policy, and his influence upon the subject in the Senate, make him a leader in the great movement for a wise and humane Indian policy. A great movement it certainly is which involves the just treatment of 260,000 people who are practically at our mercy, and who are incessantly wronged by the most unscrupulous and half-civilized frontiersmen. President CLEVELAND'S letter to General SHERIDAN requesting him to go in person to the Indian Territory, where trouble was beginning, to inquire carefully, and to assure the Indians that causes of complaint shall be fully heard and that wrongs shall be remedied, shows the true spirit in which to treat the question.

General ARMSTRONG says that of the whole number of Indians about 15,000 are east of the Mississippi. A great part of those in the Indian Territory are civilized, having their schools, legislatures, and courts. But the tenure of land is still tribal. There are no taxes, and the schools are poor. He thinks that their chief need now is to get rid of the tribal relation. Besides these there are the fighting tribes, who are unsettled and treated irregularly by the government. Next are the Pueblo Indians, who live in towns and are self-supporting. The Apaches of Arizona he thinks crafty and murderous, but once defeated, they can be held in subjection; the Navajoes are clever, and are increasing in numbers; the Maracopas are very civilized; and the brave and hardy Sioux are not diminishing, and should be encouraged to become civilized. General ARMSTRONG thinks that the pure-blooded Indians will soon die out, and that the whole Indian problem will be at last solved by intermingling. Meanwhile we must save the Indians from themselves by helping them to get land and education. They are fully capable of learning, and two-thirds of them who have returned from Hampton to their people have not resumed Indian habits; not one educated Indian has become a renegade, and although low, the Indians are not degraded.

Senator DAWES has recently made a visit of several weeks in the Indian Territory, and he perceives that the encroachment upon the Indian lands is so resolute and threatening that an important epoch in the welfare of the Indian is at hand. If he is to be saved from disinheritance and pauperism, no time must be lost. He must be taught civilized habits, industry, knowledge of property, and desire for it; then he must be placed upon a homestead inalienable for twenty-five years, and made amenable to the same laws as white men. Both these gentlemen are in hearty accord with the Indian Rights Association, of which Mr. HERBERT WELSH is secretary, and which has auxiliary bodies in various parts of the country. Its object is to arouse and instruct public opinion. It has already done much, and asks only the co-operation in the very simple form of an organized association in every community of all who wish that justice shall be done to the Indian, and that the American name shall not be disgraced.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE President's selection of pall-bearers for the funeral of General GRANT was most happy, and Mrs. GRANT'S suggestion that if any conspicuous Union generals were selected, some equally noted Confederate officers should be chosen, was strictly in accord with her husband's feelings, and she might well feel that she was doing what he would have preferred. The fact in itself was most striking. The spectacle of distinguished adversaries in a civil war walking side by side in honorable remembrance of the victorious General is a symbol of reunion whose significance can not be surpassed.

It is not a sentimental effusion like ANDREW JOHNSON'S arm-in-arm Convention in Philadelphia. That was a political trick, and implied a feeling which did not exist. But GRANT, instinctively magnanimous in the field, and without a trace of vindictiveness, clearly comprehended the scope of the struggle and the nature of the result, and as he had gained the victory without compromise, so he was sure faithfully to guard the result.

The scene in the Virginia Democratic Convention, while GRANT still lay unburied, was not the least of the extraordinary events of the time. The Convention, which had assembled to nominate a Confederate general for Governor, which resolved to care for the Confederate soldiers, whose speeches professed peculiar loyalty to the State, and which warmly denounced Republicans, yet began by a resolution of respect and regard for the Union soldier who led the armies which made the Confederacy impossible. Those who think all this to be merely spectacular, and who believe that the men who say and do these things are less sincere than their fellow-citizens of the Northern States, are strangely mistaken. The only theory upon which such a view can be held is that Southern citizens are darkly plotting vengeance against the Union and the government, not to restore slavery, but to gratify malice. Whoever seriously holds such a view is beyond reason. He is the victim of a feeling from which no wise statesmanship could possibly proceed.

PERSONAL.

THE late THOMAS LE CLEAR'S portrait of General GRANT, which has been bought by the members of the Calumet Club in Chicago for $8000, was the last important work painted by that artist. The General used to come down from his house in Sixty-sixth Street and give sittings, and Mr. LE CLEAR often spoke with special pride of the results that his brush was obtaining. His studio at the time was in the marble building of the savings-bank at Broadway and Thirty-second Street. His friends knew that he was willing to rest his claims as a painter upon this portrait of GRANT.

—Archdeacon FARRAR in Westminster Abbey: "America has had two martyred Presidents, both sons of the people. With those Presidents America need not blush to name the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derives a patent of nobleness direct from God. Was not the Lord for thirty years a carpenter in Nazareth? LINCOLN'S and GARFIELD'S and GRANT'S early conscientious attention to humble duties fitted them to become kings of men. The year 1861 saw the outbreak of the most terrible of modern wars. The hour came, and the man was needed. Within four years GRANT commanded an army vaster than had ever before been handled by man. It was not luck, but the result of inflexible faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy, iron purpose, persistent tenacity. He rose by the upward gravitation of his natural fitness."

—Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN is as true a friend of General GRANT'S as ever lived, but when asked by a reporter to say something about the General for publication, he replied: "There is too much said—too much, too much."

—The serious illness of Mrs. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, poet, novelist, and essayist, is reported from San Francisco. Mrs. JACKSON, better known as "H. H.," was appointed Special Indian Commissioner by President ARTHUR, and has long interested herself in the best methods for ameliorating the condition of the red man. Her information on subjects to which she has given attention is very wide and thorough, and, in addition to her other literary accomplishments, she is an able and ready editorial writer.

—Mr. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., was in this country last year, and painted a number of studies of Niagara. The largest, a canvas twelve feet by six, he completed during the winter, and it occupied a conspiouous position in the main gallery at the recent Royal Academy Exhibition. Mr. HUNTER, who is the first of English marine painters, is also well known as an etcher, and has just completed a large and important plate of his Niagara picture. The view is of the rapids opposite the Sisters islands, and it is a most impressive and interesting work.

—A sentence in the sketch of General GRANT'S military career published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 1 is capable of an interpretation that does injustice to General LEW WALLACE. The sentence occurs in the account of the battle of Shiloh, and reads: "L. WALLACE'S division, five miles distant, taking a wrong road, did not reach the scene till evening." It is not, we believe, entering upon any matter of military controversy, but merely declaring what is not now disputed, to say that this sentence would be complete and accurate if it read that "General WALLACE'S division, taking a wrong road by reason of a mistake in the transmission of an order from General GRANT'S head-quarters, did not reach the scene till evening."

—*St. James's Gazette:* "America, so fertile in singers, has produced scarcely any composers; and Mr. S. G. PRATT, of Chicago, is, so far as we know, the only American who has brought out a grand opera in five acts. Mr. PRATT has taken for his subject the story of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra. More beautiful, more perfect singing than that of Miss GERTRUDE GRISWOLD and Miss HOPE GLENN (both Americans) in the duet 'Peacefully we'll wander' could not be heard."

—King LOUIS of Bavaria is still extravagant and in debt. He is building six castles simultaneously. He spends hundreds of thousands of dollars in having WAGNER'S operas performed for his own ears alone, and when remonstrated with, is in the habit of replying that the expense is not so great as that of a wife would be. His creditors are clamorous, and he is said to owe the public treasury $2,500,000.

—The two features of the Princess BEATRICE'S trousseau that have attracted most attention are the Honiton lace which came down to her from her mother's wedding, and the abundance of stout walking shoes and boots.

—The Rev. JOSEPH T. DURYEA, D.D., of Boston, definitively declines the presidency of Union College. The salary attached to the position was less than one-half of that received by him as pastor of the Central Congregational Church, and by remaining where he is his intimate relations to Wellesley College are not disturbed. He has a singular power of impressing his personality upon young men in educational institutions, and his friends still predict that he will bring up somewhere as a college president.

—Of the selections made of clergymen invited on behalf of Mrs. GRANT to attend the funeral of her husband it is noted that they were evidently intended to include as many and as diverse religious bodies as possible. The names fixed upon were those of Bishop HARRIS, Methodist; Bishop HENRY C. POTTER, Episcopalian; Rev. Dr. FIELD, Presbyterian; Rev. Dr. WEST, Congregational; Rev. Dr. BRIDGMAN, Baptist; Rev. Dr. TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, Dutch Reformed; Rev. Dr. COLLYER, Unitarian; Father MCGLYNN, Roman Catholic; and Rabbi BROWNE, Hebrew.

—The vast advantage gained by the introduction of instantaneous photography in representing motion is nowhere more marked than in marine subjects. Heretofore the best photographic illustrations of yachting have been made in England, but the summer scenes of our own waters have this year received full justice from our photographers. In particular, a series of photographs taken by Mr. N. L. STEBBINS, of Boston, illustrating the recent races in which the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla* have taken part, leaves nothing to be desired. The picture of the *Puritan* given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 18 was engraved from a photograph by Mr. STEBBINS.

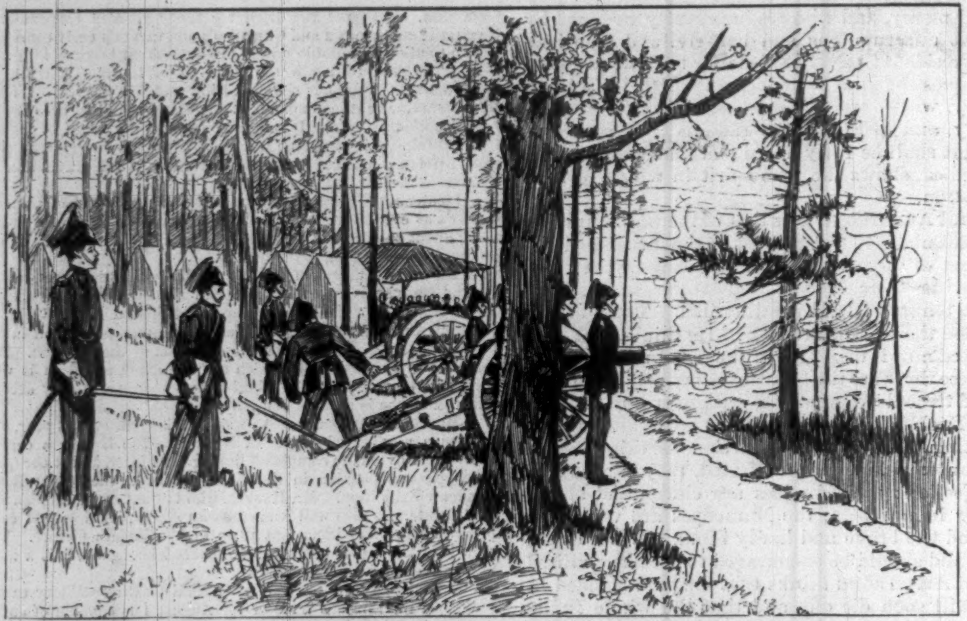
—The Springfield *Republican* having observed that the death of Dr. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME left Dr. HENRY M. FIELD, of the *Evangelist*, "the veteran religious editor" of the city, the *Evangelist* explains that the seniority belongs to Dr. EDWARD PRIME, of the *Observer*, who entered the office of that journal in 1853. Dr. FIELD came to New York in 1854. Next in length of service is Dr. BRIGHT, of the *Examiner*, who came to the city in 1855.

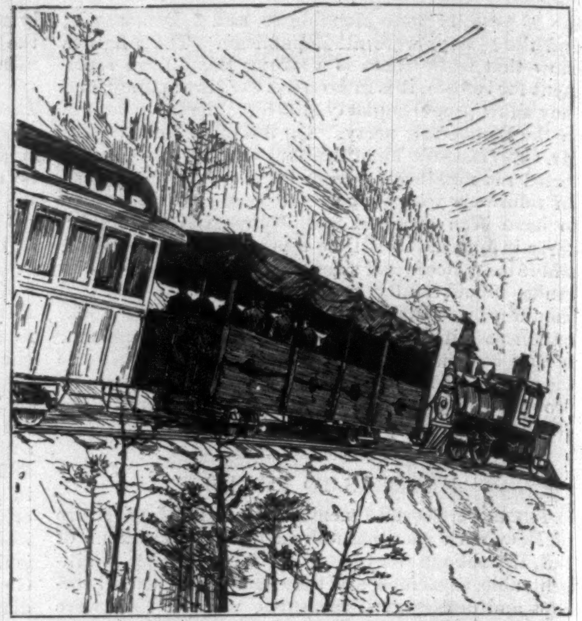
—Mr. H. M. STANLEY on the late General GORDON: "Not only in some public place, as the Embankment near the Egyptian Obelisk, or in Trafalgar Square near that other pious soldier HAVELOCK, but within one of the noblest cathedrals of the British Empire, or in its glorious Abbey, should some place be found where, inscribed on a marble pedestal or tablet, those noble words should be engraved: 'I have done the best I could for the honor of our country. Good-by.'"

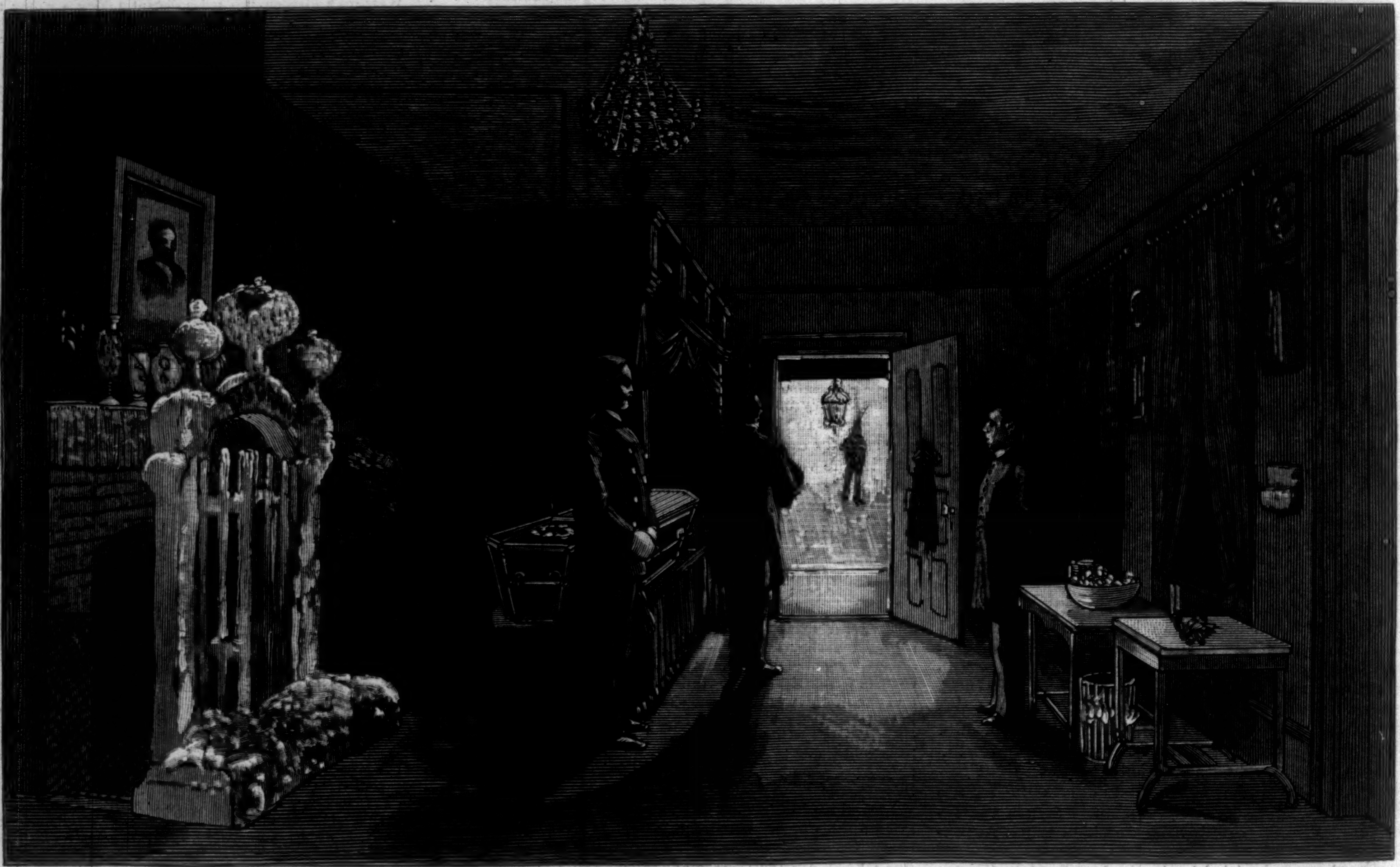
—Compliments for Mrs. CUSTER'S remarkable book, *Boots and Saddles*, are found where least expected. Even the acrimonious *Saturday Review* confesses itself quite captivated by Mrs. CUSTER'S unaffected style and entire unconsciousness that there is such a thing as style, by her extraordinary pluck and cheeriness, and by the wild adventures of which she tells the story. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD speaks of 'tonic' passages in the Iliad. If we may borrow the expression, we should call *Boots and Saddles* a 'tonic' book."

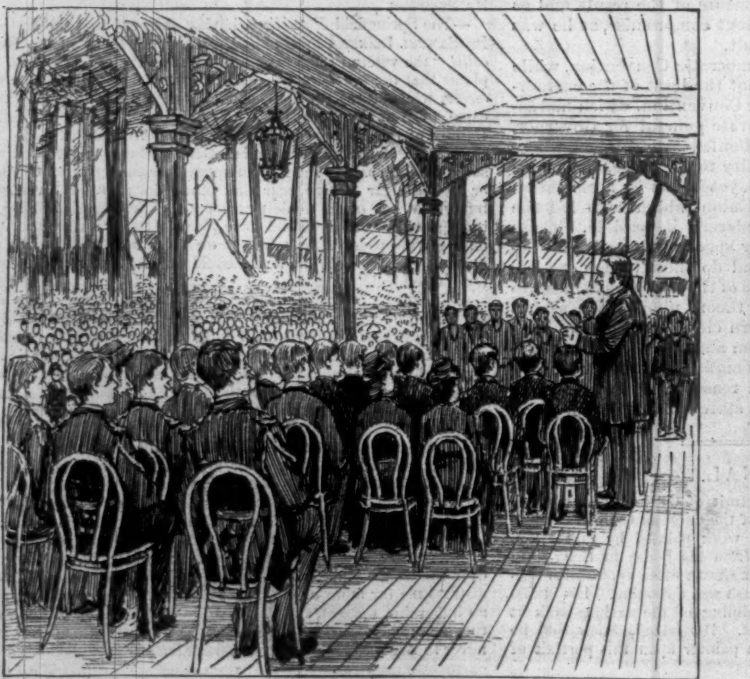
—Mr. WILLIAM PAGE'S friends, Mr. W. J. LINTON, the engraver, and Mr. E. W. PERRY, the painter, are in the habit of visiting him in his retirement on Staten Island every month. During their last visit Mr. PAGE reminded them of his old self by reciting with fine effect some original verses. His health, though much improved, is, however, still precarious.

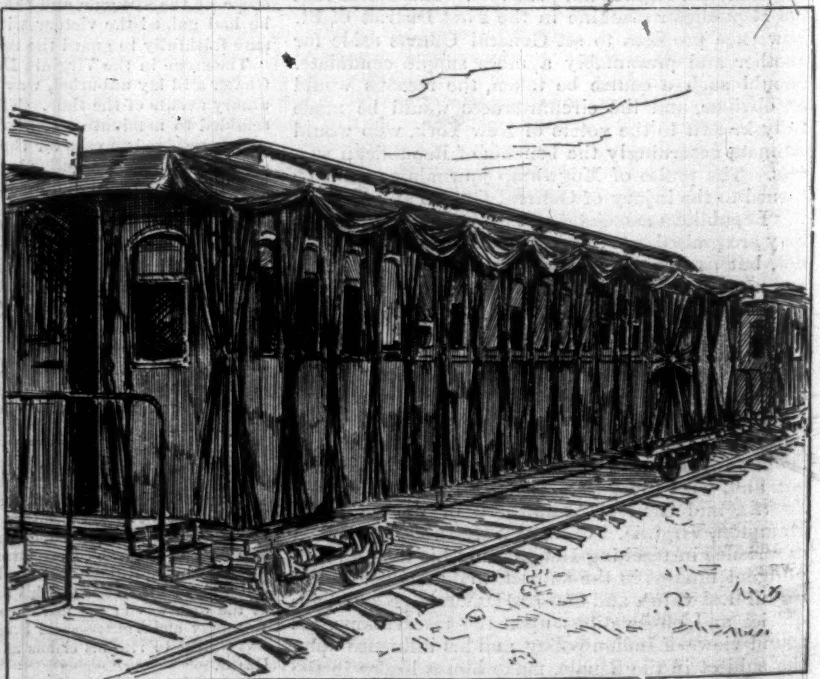
—General GRANT'S last message to his wife: "Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them could depart from an honorable, upright, and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness from which they were never to rise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they never will. With these few injunctions, and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, I bid you a final farewell, until we meet in another and, I trust, a better world. You will find this on my person after my demise." It is dated Mount McGregor, July 9, 1885.


FIRING A SALUTE AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

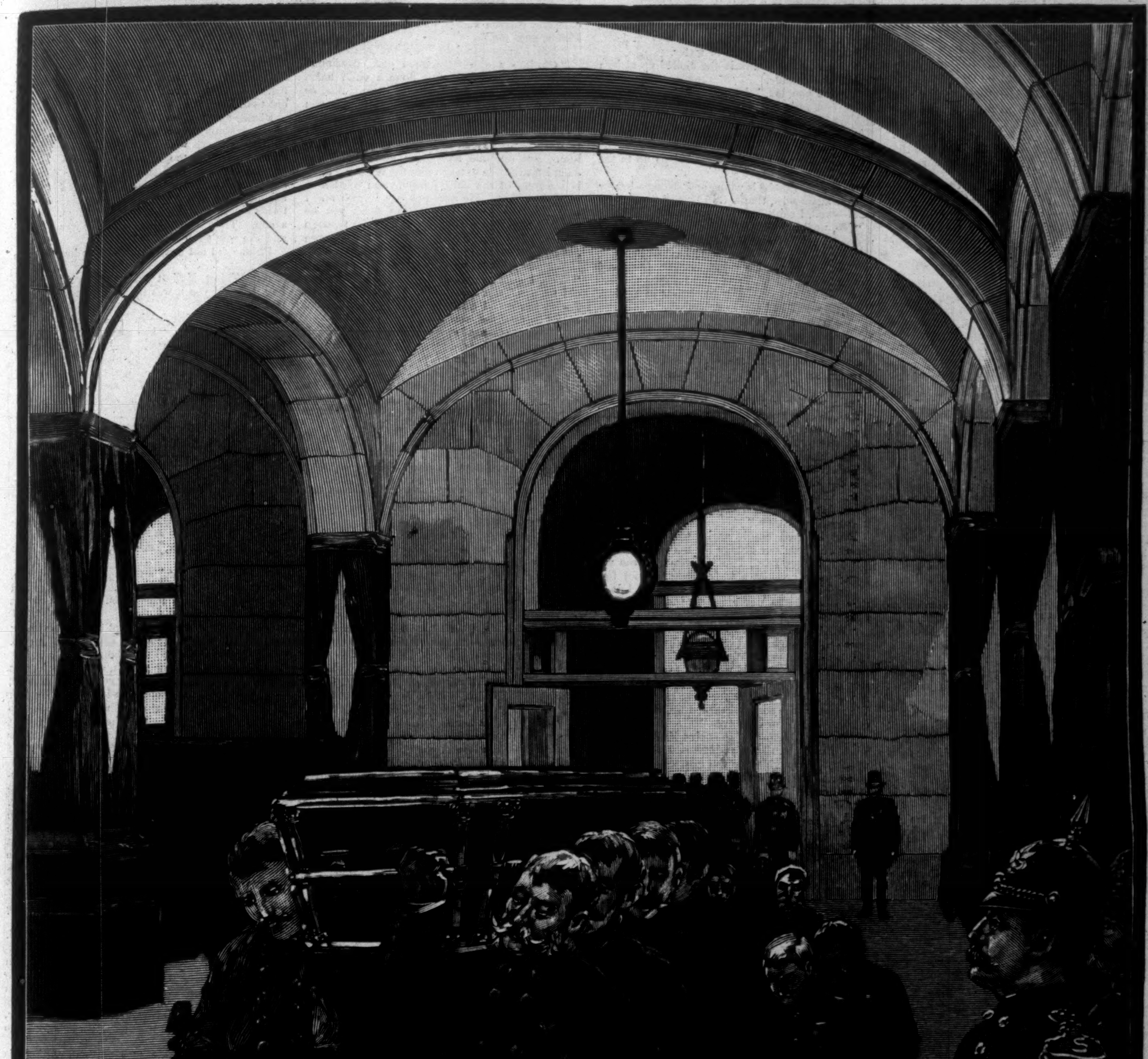

THE FUNERAL TRAIN DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.


THE LYING IN STATE AT THE COTTAGE.


THE SERVICES ON THE COTTAGE VERANDA.


FUNERAL CAR ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

GENERAL GRANT'S FUNERAL—FROM MOUNT McGREGOR TO NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 538.]



BEARING GENERAL GRANT'S BODY INTO THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 538.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The harvest was ripe.

The brown of the marsh-land was broken and varied by the gold of the mellow corn and by the green of the potato fields.

And upon the downs above the levels the yellow stretches of ripened wheat fairly covered the land, wherever the hops did not monopolize the soil.

There had not been such a harvest for years.

The summer had been the hottest summer known since even Paul could remember, and the ears had swelled kindly with the spring showers, and had ripened to perfection with the scorching suns.

The farmers were all in the best of spirits.

Both the wheat harvest and the hops promised excellently, and a good hop year meant a tidy fortune to those who had meddled in them.

Paul had meddled a little in hops. In fact, he had done more than meddle a little.

He had put all the little money he had laid by into a hop garden with a friend of his.

He was quite sure of his friend, but sometimes he had not been quite sure of the hops, and had regretted what he had done.

He had wanted to make the nest-egg as big as he could for the little chap, but he ought not to have run any risk with whatever there was of it to begin with. He had been uneasy, but now he was quite re-assured.

The luck had been good to him. He had been round the property with his partner the evening before, and they had been quite content with the appearance of things.

The neighbors had envied him his luck when he had gone into the inn at night. He did not very often go into the inn now. Somehow he did not feel quite so happy there as he used to do.

He did not know why, but he fancied the neighbors did not seem so cordial. He knew no reason for any change in them, but he fancied it.

Perhaps it was on account of Jack Foster—of the trouble he had taken to get him that post.

Neighbors were apt sometimes to be jealous. Foster did not belong to the place, and so far as anything was known of him at all, it had not been quite to his advantage in past days.

His grandmother had been neither loved nor respected in the village where she had lived, and the lad himself had got into too many scrapes to be quite a favorite, in spite of his bold, fine spirit. Perhaps they resented Paul's favoritism toward him.

He hoped it was not so, for though Paul would not be made ashamed or cooled in his allegiance toward Jack, still he had many other friends whom he did not want to lose.

Perhaps it was only his fancy. But certain it was that the neighbors had whispered together once or twice when he had come up, and that the night before there had most undeniably fallen a silence upon them when he had come into the bar at the "Three Ravens."

But perhaps it was only his fancy. He mused upon it as he walked through his hops this hot August afternoon, and looked up with satisfaction at the tall poles that scarcely bore the long tendrils with their many thick clusters.

He mused upon it, but not for long, for no cloud ever rested darkly upon the horizon of Paul's cheerful, hopeful spirit; and, after all, he was well contented with his life, and probably even this little distress was but born in his own imagination. He took quite a childish pleasure as he walked in gazing at the tender shades of varied greens and at the graceful turns and streamers of the plants that were to make his fortune.

Their grace and their beauty were beautiful to him from that point of view, if from no other.

And perhaps they were more beautiful to him even from that other than folk might have fancied.

He walked through them and out into the road beyond, lighting his pipe again as he went.

He was going home to do a bit of gardening in his own little garden before tea-time.

For Phœbe had gone up to the village to the shop for household purchases, and she had taken little Johnnie with her. As he came across the marsh toward the little white homestead he saw that there was some one waiting for him in the garden.

It was a woman. Who could it be? Phœbe had so few visitors.

As he approached he saw that it was Mrs. Mallett.

She rose from the door-step, where she had been sitting, as he came near, and came down to the garden gate and opened it.

What could Widow Mallett want here at this time of day?

She was none so strong and young that she could play pranks with herself like that, walking through the heat of an August day.

Paul was going to upbraid her, but when he looked at her worn and anxious face he could not.

There was evidently something amiss with Phœbe's mother.

She looked ten years older than she had looked six months ago, when, first relieved of the cares of bringing up her fatherless family, she had been able to take a little ease and rest.

"Why, mother," said Paul, concernedly, as he came up, "what's the matter? You look but poorly. You oughtn't to risk walking in this heat, you know. Come in and sit down. I'm right sorry you found us all out and the cottage locked like this. It seems but a poor welcome to give you."

Paul took his mother-in-law's arm and led her gently up the little path, and then he opened the door of the cottage and took her in, and made her comfortable in a chair by the window.

The poor thing had not spoken a word. When Paul had taken hold of her arm he felt that her hand trembled like a leaf.

Paul fetched her a glass of water.

When she had drank it she looked up at him with a feeble smile.

"Thank you, lad," she said. "I'm better now. I did feel rather badly, to be sure. It *is* rare and hot."

"Yes; what ever made you choose this time o' day to walk in?"

"I saw Phœbe and the little lad go up to the village," she said.

"Yes; but Phœbe is young and strong—hearty as ever again now, thank God! And as for the child—well, I can't compare you to him."

"No, no," smiled she, and then looking away nervously; "but it wasn't that."

"Wasn't that? What then?" asked Paul.

"Well, I had just a mind to come down and have a cup of tea with you all," faltered the woman, folding and unfolding her hands in her lap. "Phœbe won't be long, I dare say."

"Oh no, she won't be long," said Paul. "But you might have come down the hill together in the cool. However, now you are here, I'd best not chide you for it. It doesn't sound very welcoming; and you haven't been down for a long time."

"No, not for a very long time," repeated the widow, looking around her. "What a cozy home it is, to be sure! Oh, Paul, do you mind the day you came to ask my Phœbe to be your wife?"

"Ay, that I do," answered Paul. "Just such a hot day as this it had been. I do believe that was the last hot summer we have had until this year. Mind it? Why, I think of it often and often. It was a good day for me, though you were so hard over it."

Paul laughed kindly as he said this, not as though he bore any grudge for the hardness.

"Oh no, not hard, Paul," murmured the woman, "only prudent and fearsome, as old folk always should be for the young ones; and do as they will, they're never prudent enough. The young folk always will buy their own experience."

"Well, of course," laughed Paul. "It would be poor sport if we were always to go by what others had felt and wanted. We want to feel and choose for ourselves. Even if we came to grief over it, it would still be better. Treading in last year's furrows is good neither for land nor for cattle. We all want the soil well turned up, and to make out a new line for ourselves."

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Mrs. Mallett. "And when I told you that a young maid of seventeen wasn't old enough to be the mistress of a man's house and the mother of his children, you laughed at me, and said I knew nothing about it."

"Well, so I did, and that's the truth," said Paul, deprecatingly. "But you *must* allow," added he, with a little smile, "that I was right not to listen to you. What man can boast a better mistress to his house or a better mother to his child than I can? And *I* married a young maid of seventeen! Ay, she was the prettiest young maid that was ever seen, and she is the prettiest, sweetest wife and mother now that you could find this side of heaven."

Paul turned aside and walked to the chimney-piece, and reached down another pipe.

One would have said that there were tears in his voice, and that Mrs. Mallett had noticed them. For she rose and turned aside to the window, and took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes silently.

Her lips moved.

"Nay, I must let it be—I must let it be," she seemed to say. "I can't hurt him."

Paul came to her, blowing away very hard into his pipe to clear the passage.

"Why, mother, you've been crying!" exclaimed he, pointing to the handkerchief in her hand. "There's something troubling you. I saw there was the minute you came in. Now what is it? You just sit down there and let me hear every bit about it. Now I'm not going to let you off, so you just understand. It's something about those children of yours, I'll be bound. I never saw such a woman for troubling. I dare say it's nothing at all so very bad. One of the boys in a little scrape, or the girl lost her place. Come, out with it. Why, it won't look anything at all when once you've told it."

He sat down beside her, and took her hand kindly in his, but the poor woman still wept quietly, drying away the tears with her hand.

If Paul had not known her for the sad, broken-spirited woman that she was, he would have been really alarmed.

But Mrs. Mallett had always been known to cry pretty easily, and her tears counted for less than other people's.

At last, however, she seemed to be able to stem their course.

"I'm sorry to be so silly, Paul," said she, penitently. "I'm grown to be a poor useless old thing. And indeed you're right. There's nothing to trouble about. The boys are all well, and so is Mary. I've great cause to be thankful. I didn't come to worry you with anything, only just to see you all."

"Come, I'm glad of that," cried Paul, slapping her heartily on the shoulder. "You would have done better to come when Phœbe was at home. But never mind. She'll be back in a minute, and we shall have tea. I dare say Jack Foster will be in too. He often steps in of a Saturday afternoon, and then we shall be a merry party. He's rare fun, is Jack Foster, and he and the little chap make us all laugh."

Widow Mallett rose and pulled her shawl about her nervously, and pressed her lips together as though she were taking a new resolution.

"Paul," she said, at last, "I wish you wouldn't let the boy be so much with that friend of yours."

"What, not with Foster!" cried the man, turning round with a merry look in his eye. "Why, he's the best fellow alive, and dotes on the child. They go rare rounds, those two, up hill and over dale, and Heaven knows where. And sometimes Phœbe goes too."

"Yes, I know she does," said the mother.

"Oh, he's a downright good one," continued Paul. "No man has ever done a child harm that loved children as Jack loves them. And *he* not even got any of his own. Why, are you afraid he'll teach the child to run away to sea as he did himself? No, no, mother. *He* ran away because he had a bad home, and small blame to him. But Johnnie has got a good home, and Jack isn't the one to teach him the reverse. Jack is too fond of the child's father and mother to teach him that. He worships our Phœbe, and I love him the better for it. No, don't you be afraid. The laddie will come to no harm through him. No one could come to any harm through Jack Foster."

Widow Mallett was silent for a moment. "Well, I suppose you'll think I'm a very silly old woman," she said again, "but indeed, Paul, I wish you would think of what I've said. You *might* be deceived, you know."

"Deceived!—not a bit of it," cried Paul. "It's you who are deceived, you believe me. But here comes Phœbe with the child. You won't say anything of that kind before her, will you? She and Jack had a bit of a quarrel a while back. They made it up, and they're better friends than ever now, and I shouldn't like her to think *you* had been talking against him."

"Very well," said Mrs. Mallett, walking toward the door. "And I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll go home to tea, Paul. I don't feel so very well, and I had rather get home to tea."

"Not stay to tea! Why, what nonsense, mother!" exclaimed Paul. "Here's Phœbe just in. She would never forgive me."

And true enough, Phœbe opened the latch of the garden gate as he said the words.

She called to the boy, who lingered behind upon the green, before she closed it, and stood there a moment leaning against the paling. How graceful she looked, her tall slender figure swayed gently backward, one arm stretched out pushing the gate open, the other holding her basket of groceries, with the bonnet that she had taken off swinging from its handle! Her ruddy brown hair had escaped from the constraint of plaits in the breeze which had ruffled it as she walked, and strayed in little soft curls on her neck, leaving the full shape of her head unconcealed.

Paul looked at her through the window with a smile of contentment. The child came at last to her call, and ran into the house, while she followed slowly up the little path. She paused a moment in the doorway, looking at the unexpected visitor.

"Why, mother!" said she at last. "What ever brought you down this hot afternoon? Is there anything amiss?"

Phœbe spoke in her usual gentle, low tones, but a quick ear might perhaps have detected a certain undefinable coldness in the accent which was not usual. The mother seemed to detect it. She answered nothing, but she looked up at her daughter in a curious way, half suspicious, half distressed, half supplicating. Phœbe looked away. But the mother continued to look at her child. Was she thinking that there was a change in the beautiful face? It was just as beautiful—nay, more beautiful than it had been on that day six years ago to which Paul and she had referred a few minutes ago.

A tender color, bred of the exercise that she had been taking, flushed her pale, clear brown cheek; her red lips were a little parted with the quick breathing of a slight fatigue, and showed the white teeth within; her splendid great eyes were deep and lustrous with light.

She was far more beautiful than she had been that day, and Paul had every reason to look at her with pride and joy.

She was more beautiful, and yet the mother was right in feeling, as she seemed to feel, that she was different. There was a strange weariness upon her that was surely not bred only of this hot summer's day. One might almost have added that there was an undefined sadness too, which had never been there of old. Perhaps it might have been partly that very inexplicable thing that had brought more feeling and tenderness into the proud face than used always to be there; but though the beauty was the greater, those who noticed the change, and who loved the girl, could not but have been sorry to see it, as Mrs. Mallett must have been sorry now.

Even Paul, who from living always with her might not have been expected to see any difference, seemed to notice something to-day.

"You're tired, sweetheart," he said. "It's too hot for you, walking with that big basket. Come and sit down."

And he took the burden from her arm and put it on the table, while he drew her gently toward a chair.

"Why, dear, no, I'm not tired," she said, with a little laugh. "I'm going to get the tea. Mother must be wanting a cup, I'm sure; and as for Johnnie, he has done nothing but tease for a drink all the way home."

She got up and put the kettle on as she spoke, and then went into the larder and fetched a cup of milk, which she gave to the child, who had run to his grandmother, and was nestling under her arm.

"Your mother swears she can't stay and have a cup of tea with us," said Paul. "But of course that's perfectly ridiculous. Folk would think we'd had a rumpus."

"I don't feel just very well, Paul; that's why," repeated Widow Mallett, in the same feeble voice.

"All the more reason you should get something to set you up before you climb that hill again," insisted her son-in-law.

"Why, granny, I've got to show you the ship Jack Foster made me," cried the boy. "It *is* a beauty. You *will* like it."

"I'll come another day and see the ship, Johnnie," said the old woman, patting his head.

"No, no, no; you must come to-day—directly," insisted the child, dragging her by the arm.

"Come, Johnnie, don't tease your granny," said Phœbe, quietly. "She'll go after she has had her tea. Of course we're not going to let her go without that."

Phœbe spread the cloth and got the things, and began cutting the bread and butter, and Widow Mallett sat down with a little sigh, as though circumstances were too much for her.

"She's the one to make everybody do what she wants, isn't she, mother?" laughed Paul, taking his place at the table and drawing the child to his side. "You'll feel better after you've had a cup. There's something fretting her, Phœbe, and she won't tell what it is."

Phœbe did not answer. She was brewing the tea.

But Widow Mallett said, quickly: "No, no, Paul. I told you it was nothing. Let it be, lad; let it be."

Paul was nothing loath. "All right, mother; all right," he said. "I'm sure *I* don't mind, if it's all the same to you. Isn't Jack coming in, wife?" he added, quickly turning to Phœbe.

"No," answered she, without looking up. "Not that I know of. Why should he be?"

"Oh, no reason. Only he often does, and welcome."

"Jack Foster is off to Framp," put in Johnnie. "We met him on the hill, and he—"

"Oh, is he?" said the father. "Poor lad, he'll have a hot walk."

Phœbe said nothing. Neither did her mother, and presently the latter rose to go. Phœbe did not press her to stay now. She had had her tea; the evening was beginning to get cool. There was nothing strange in her going now.

"Good-by, mother," said she, offering her cheek for a kiss.

"Good-by, Phœbe," answered the old woman. "I'm glad to see your house looking so nice and neat and in order. I hope you'll always keep it so."

"No fear of my Phœbe not doing everything she ought to do," chimed in her husband, gayly. "She's the best wife in the land."

He kissed her as he said it, and they all went together into the garden to see Johnnie's ship, and to speed grandmother on her way. She took Johnnie with her when she went, promising to send him back again when she got to the foot of the hill, and the husband and wife stood together in the porch watching the old woman lead the child away.

"I can't think what was wrong with your mother," said Paul, reflectively. "She was quite bowled over when she first came in, poor old lady. But the child will set her straight. Children are always wonderful at that. You haven't the face to be dismal when they're by, knowing naught about frets and worries. Ah, we'll have to be thinking what to do with that lad of ours presently, wife. He's getting a big boy. We must put him to some kind of school soon."

"There's no schooling worth having here," she said.

"Oh, well, that's a bit *too* hard," smiled Paul. "The village class will do to teach him his letters and such like, and then I suppose if we can scrape together enough, as I hope to do if the hops turn out well, we must make up our minds to send him to a boarding-school in town."

"He sha'n't ever go away from me," said Phœbe, almost fiercely. "Not, at least, till he's forced to go to earn his living."

"Poor little mother!" said Paul, putting his arm round her waist and drawing her to him. "I know it will be hard for you, and he our only one, but you'll make up your mind to what's right and best for the lad, I know. You always end by doing what's right."

"Ah! I sha'n't end by doing that, Paul. I couldn't bear it," said Phœbe. "But you must get promotion I'm sure you deserve it. We must go and live in town, and then we can put the lad to day school, and still have him with us."

"Get promotion!" exclaimed Paul. "Why, you're dreaming, old girl. What could I hope for better than this? I was in luck's way when I got it. I could never get anything but an underling's place in a larger station."

"Well, then, an underling's place," said Phœbe, almost impatiently.

Paul looked at her. "You're joking," he said. "I *couldn't* put up with an underling's place after I've been my own master. And I don't believe I should ever care to leave Rockhead, either. However, there's plenty of time before the lad's ready for boarding-school yet, so we needn't decide."

"No, there's not plenty of time," answered Phœbe, still in a restless, eager voice. "If we want to do the best for him—as we should do, and he our only one—we ought to put him to a good school from the very beginning, and we can't put him to a good school if we live at Rockhead. Oh, Paul," continued she, in an imploring tone, drawing herself away from his embrace and clasping her hands, "do think of what I say, dear. Let's go away from Rockhead."

Paul's face was a study. He looked at his wife in the blankest astonishment, and for a moment could not even speak.

"Why, Phœbe, child," he stammered at last, "you can't really mean to say that you *want* to leave the old place?—that you're tired of it?"

"Yes, Paul—yes, that's it," repeated she, sadly, clasping her hands together tighter than ever, and looking away from him over the marsh. I couldn't tell you, but you've guessed it. I'm tired of the lonely life here. I want to go to the town, where I shall have more company. Ah! do try and do it to please me. You've always done everything to please me; do this one more thing." Her eyes were dry, but there was a sob in her voice. "I should like to live in the town—any town," she continued—"and get work to do. Washing and ironing—I can do that well: you know you always say your Sunday shirts are just beautiful. I can't get it to do here; nobody wants any work done. And I should like to have lots of work—to work all day long, and never to rest for a minute."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

Paul was silent a moment, pondering.

"I know you always were fond of work, ever since I found you spudding thistles upon the marsh when you were a lass," he said, reflectively.

"Ah! I wish I were a girl spudding thistles upon the marsh again!" murmured she, with something almost like a moan.

"No, no, you don't," said he, soothingly. "It's just a bit of a whim. You've no call to work like that now, you know. And I wouldn't let you. What would folk say?—Paul Crew's wife slaving away to earn a few shillings!"

"Oh, I shouldn't care what people said," cried she, half petulantly.

"Yes, but *I* should, you see, old girl. No, you want a bit of a change, that's what it is. I'll tell you what," continued Paul, confidentially, "I've got a plan. We'll leave the little chap with his granny, and go up to London and have a little spree."

Phœbe smiled, and Paul smiled too to see her smile.

"Yes," he went on, in a happy voice, "that's what we'll do. And we'll take Jack with us, and have a regular jolly time of it, all three together. And when you come back again, we shall soon see if there'll be any more of this talk about going away from Rockhead for good. Why, it's nothing but a little fit of the 'blues.' Everybody must have the 'blues' sometimes. I ought to have thought of it before. I'm such a steady old fellow, I never think that a young woman might want to amuse herself. But I *ought* to."

Phœbe gave a little short laugh, half impatient, half hopeless. "Oh no, it isn't that," she said. "I don't want to amuse myself." And she turned and went into the house.

When Paul followed her, five minutes afterward, with the little fellow, whom he had gone out to fetch in from the green, he found her crouched on the floor by the empty hearth, with her face buried in her hands upon the chair beside it, sobbing her heart out in deep, long, low sobs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NAME UPON THE WINDOW-PANE.

In the old Scottish inn we met,
  A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, peer and priest,
  And many a traveller brown and tanned,
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,
  Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet amid the drifting talk
  A little message came to me.

It happened thus: a restless boy
  Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, scarred with a thousand names,
  His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
  And took the diamond from his hand;
But ere a letter had been formed
  A voice accustomed to command

Cried, "Philip, stop: before you write,
  Consider well what you're about."
"Father, why should I hesitate?"
  "Because you can not rub it out."
The words fell on my idle ear,
  I said them o'er and o'er again,
And asked myself, Oh, who would choose
  All they have written to remain?

Unto a loving mother oft
  We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word
  That now we never can rub out;
For cruel words cut deeper far
  Than diamond on the window-pane,
And oft recalled in after-years
  They wound her o'er and o'er again.

So in our daily work and life
  We write and do and say the thing
We never can undo nor stay
  With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts.
  Ah, then, how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
  Because we can not rub them out!

"ALL ROUND SPAIN."

By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Author of *Spanish Vistas.*

Mr. F. H. Deverell, of England, is one of the most recent tourists in Spain, who has published an account of his observations. There can be no doubt that that country is becoming more and more a favorite goal of sight-seers. Mr. Deverell himself has visited it more than once, but his *All Round Spain* gives the record only of his last trip, in 1883, which embraced a very wide circuit, taking him to some of the less well known places, like Astorga, Pamplona, and the little Pyrenean republic of Andorra, besides the more usual stopping-points.

It will be a surprise to some persons who have journeyed in the Peninsula to find that in this writer's experience the people proved "reliable," and that he thinks "honesty and cleanliness and even industry are as much characteristics of the Spaniards as courtesy." Some of his own testimony opposes this conclusion, so far as honesty is concerned. Industrious the Spanish peasants certainly are; but if they were not, they would soon cease to exist; and even as it is, starvation frequently has to be warded off in some of the provinces by government appropriations. Then one may be sure of finding clean beds almost everywhere, it is true; but it must have required more than the usual allowance of amiability in an Englishman to go through the land and remain silent in his narrative about the appalling uncleanliness which exists, in spite of all certificates to the contrary. It is worth while for those who think of quitting the beaten track to notice that Mr. Deverell says the roads, though scanty, are scientifically built, and better than English roads. Accommodations, too, even in remote villages, were generally better than he expected, though he sometimes had to content himself with bread and onions, and was once obliged to go without food or sleep for thirty hours when riding by diligence from Seville to Zafra.

The fertility of the valley, or garden (*huerta*), of Valencia is described as marvellous. "Green crops" are cut five or six times a year; mulberry leaves are gathered three times; fig-trees bear twice; orange-trees are loaded with ripe fruit, green fruit, and the blossoms of a third, bearing all at once, and a single acre of them sometimes earns $3000 a year. Wheat sown in December and reaped in June is followed by corn or beans on the same ground during July and August, and by potatoes, which occupy October and November, so that another crop of wheat may be sown again in December. These results are largely due to a thorough system of irrigation, carrying water to every square rod of land and every tree by an endless maze of small canals. It seems as if American farmers might learn from this source a lesson in remedies for the droughts to which their plantings are exposed in our hot summers. The importance of irrigation interests around Valencia has led to an institution, called the "Tribunal of the Waters," for settling disputes among proprietors as to the quantity of water to be taken by each from the common supply. The six judges of this court are elected by popular vote of the farmers—a pure democracy, based not on sentiment or passion, but on community of interest. The sessions are held in the porch or gateway of the cathedral (a remnant of the old Eastern custom implied in the Bible injunction, "Judges....shalt thou make in all thy *gates*." "There were five cases tried in my presence....The session closed at five minutes to twelve; it had thus occupied twenty-five minutes. Here, then, surely no one could complain of the law's delay....How different this from our elaborate, cumbrous, costly, and uncertain legal system, which has grown up with our 'civilization!' Here is a system beautiful in its simplicity and single-mindedness, directed by practical wisdom, which all concerned understand, and which they all have an interest in maintaining in purity—a system in which justice is inexpensive, quick, certain, mild, and effective."

In the village of Burgasot are curiosities of another kind, viz., subterranean hill-side dwellings, with back yards, ventilated by an opening in the ground, and each provided with its own fig-tree at the front entrance on the road. Here, too, is a series of *mazmorras*, or Moorish underground granaries, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, like vast jars, and lined with hewn stone. They are hermetically closed with stone and plaster, and are now used for storing seed corn, which is supposed to retain more of its vitality by being thus protected from the influence of atmosphere and moisture—another hint for our farmers. These granaries and the corn are owned by the municipality. At seed-time the farmers come and apply for as much corn as they need, which is handed to them without cost. After harvest they bring back to the store-house the same quantity given them, with an addition of six per cent., which percentage goes for the general good and the paying of expenses. At Elche, in Murcia, are the famous groves containing many thousands of date-palms, which rise to the height of sixty or a hundred feet. "The houses are Moorish in style, low, and close on the exterior, with flat roofs surrounded with battlements; small square towers rising above, with outside steps leading from the roof to the top of the tower, add to the Orientalism of the scene, which is still further increased by people on the house-tops looking over the battlements....Little domes here and there give a mosque-like appearance to the buildings, and over one large old prison-like house even the crescent rises." The inhabitants live chiefly by the fruit of their palms and the toil of their hands. The dates are exported. Eight thousand of the trees have their tufted tops tightly bound up to make the leaves turn white (a sort of vegetable veal, one might say), and these leaves are sold all over Spain, and even in other countries, for use on Palm-Sunday. The great extent of this orchard forest, this "waving Palmyra," may be due in part to the Moors, who, it seems, discovered the sex of plants centuries ago, and used to fertilize the female palms by carrying pollen to them from the male trees.

In one place, Valez Rubio, our traveller saw half a dozen rough laboring-men at the *posada*, or inn, each armed with a spoon, and eating in common from a large bowl "containing some kind of mess. They all ate slowly and with noticeable regularity, without any scramble, or any attempt on the part of one to get a larger share than the others; they seemed like men trained to eat together; there was something almost pathetically pleasing in seeing those rough sons of toil thus sharing their frugal meal under a strict and self-accepted discipline....I have never in my life seen a dinner at which there appeared to me to be shown so much of the highest and the most unselfish feelings of the true gentleman as at this table....These men finished up their meal with a few green pods of a kind of bean. I expect it was the first meal they had had that day. In England an agricultural laborer would have had at least three meals by that time."

Spain is a mixture of abundance and desolation. The provinces of Navarre and Huesca comprise some of these waste tracts, which are the result of improvidently cutting off the timber. Perhaps they will some time be paralleled in New York State, if the destruction of the Adirondack forests continues. There are other deserted regions in Estremadura, formerly in a high state of cultivation, but ruined for agriculture by a tyrannical monopoly of rich sheep-owners, continued from the middle of the fourteenth century down to 1835, which obtained the right to pasture flocks in all vineyards and orchards, to forbid inclosures or sales of real estate, and virtually to confiscate the land. The land became wild, and then began to breed locusts, which ravaged all the surrounding country. It sounds odd, but on various occasions thousands of soldiers have been ordered out to assist in checking these invasions of the locust armies.

It is round about Astorga, in Leon, that the Maragatos dwell—a peculiar, isolated tribe, possibly derived from some band of Berbers who lingered here when the Moors were forced back by the Christians. They are said never to marry out of their own tribe, and retain peculiar religious ceremonies and other customs. The women do the work in the fields as well as at home, and the men act as muleteers (*arrieros*) or common carriers. Mr. Deverell saw a yellow-skirted woman at the plough with two oxen, while a man followed her. In the Asturias, barefooted women were seen engaged in road-making. A singular religious observance is described as occurring in a church at Pamplona; nothing less than a survival of the old heathen custom of offering bread to the manes of the dead. In the nave before the high altar three loaves were placed on a table while the mass progressed, and later the worshippers, sitting on the floor, had in front of them each a basket containing a small loaf or two, and three candles. The persistence of this pagan procedure, probably incorporated with the service in the early days of the Church here, is a striking example of the conservatism and the unreasoning acceptance of tradition which continue to characterize a large portion of the Spanish people.

In Navarre, says Mr. Deverell, "entire villages have scarcely a pane of glass, but stone escutcheons above the door are quite common....It reminds one of the boy 'with a patch on both knees and gloves on.'" He slept in a room with unglazed window spaces, and was comfortable, but naïvely concludes that to live there "must be entirely inimical to reading, study, and artistic pursuits." The pun in the following remark is apparently unconscious: "I should think there will some day be a good opening in Spain for trade in glass." The "opening," however, is already provided.

But the most remarkable spot touched upon in this tour was Andorra—a republic with no written laws, taxes, public debt, or standing army. Six hundred armed men, one-tenth of the population, form the fighting force, but they have neither uniforms, flags, nor drums. The national territory is twenty-eight miles long and twenty wide, consists of six communes, and is governed by an elective Council-General of twenty-four, holding office for four years, which chooses its President. The country does not contain a steam-engine, a railroad, or even a carriage-road. The people "are quiet and unaggressive, simple, and somewhat primitive, it is true, living very much as their fathers did a thousand years ago; but they are by no means uncivilized. The love of independence burns in them." Education, nevertheless, is in a backward state.

The people live by lumbering, smelting iron, and rude cloth and linen weaving. High up above the rest of the world, and hemmed in by mountains, with only three habitable valleys, they owe their political independence largely to the fact that they are under the dual protectorate of France and the Spanish Prince-Bishop of Urgel, each of these powers restraining the other. There is little crime, and when any one is condemned by the Andorran judges, he is sent to France for imprisonment. The "tree of liberty," planted at the entrance of villages, takes the place of a national standard. The hall of the parliament-house is adorned with a painting of Christ, two maps of Andorra, and the President's cap and gown; and the room containing the national archives has six locks on its door, each commune keeping the key of one of them. Spain is permeated with republican ideas. It is not impossible that the germ which Andorra has kept alive on her northern border for a thousand years may in the next century blossom all through her gardens and deserts.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A man in Florida has discovered that oil thrown into ponds and stagnant pools of water prevents mosquitoes from breeding, and people are pouring oil upon the waters all about the State. Will somebody please oil New Jersey?

Why shouldn't the rubber-clad be the war ships of the future? It is said that the English are about to coat H. M. S. *Resistance* with India rubber, and then to fire shot and shell at her by way of experiment. Of course plenty will be found to laugh at such a scheme. Somebody will advise her Majesty's government to build a war vessel with holes in it, so that the shot of an enemy will have opportunity to pass through harmlessly, and other humorists will declare that a rubber-clad ship will be just the thing to rub out a hostile fleet. Not the less the project of the rubber promises very well. General Jackson's elastic cotton bales at New Orleans did better for the troops behind them, it is said, than stone fortifications would have done, and history is full of similar experiences. The theory is that rubber would resist cannon-balls better than iron, by not being too sudden with them. It has not yet been advanced that the elastic shield would cause the enemy's iron hail to rebound with such impetuosity that it would act with the force of an original discharge upon the defenses of those who sent it.

It is said that complaint is made by the waiters at sea-side hotels that fees this year will amount to less by ten per cent. than the fees that they have been receiving in years past. This is curious, if true. The ten per cent. of decrease represents, it is true, a vast and dazzling sum of money, of which nobody, unless a plumber, would speak lightly; but in view of the fact that his hold is still fast upon the other ninety per cent., it seems as though the waiter ought to be able to bear up until times get better and the old rates are re-established.

According to a current story, as Count Moltke came out of the Reichstag recently he was unable to find his carriage, and hailed a cab, in which he was driven for a short distance. On alighting he opened his purse to pay the driver, when the latter made off without accepting anything, remarking, "I fully appreciate the honor, Herr Field-Marshal." A curious point about this is the extremely courtly phrase of the cabman. A cabby in this city would have said, "No yer don't, cap," or employed some similar homely and rugged form of speech. It must be beautiful to hear from a cab box such language as was addressed to Count Moltke.

A traveller's description of Alaska in summer tells of "a sort of fairy-land with bright green slopes and dark timber belts fringing deep blue waters, an endless variety of bright-hued flowers, the hum of insects, and the melodious song of birds," but says that it is too hot there for one to be quite comfortable. Lieutenant Schwatka was impressed by one variety of Alaska insects—mosquitoes. He reports that bears in Alaska have been blinded and brought to their death by mosquitoes' stings.

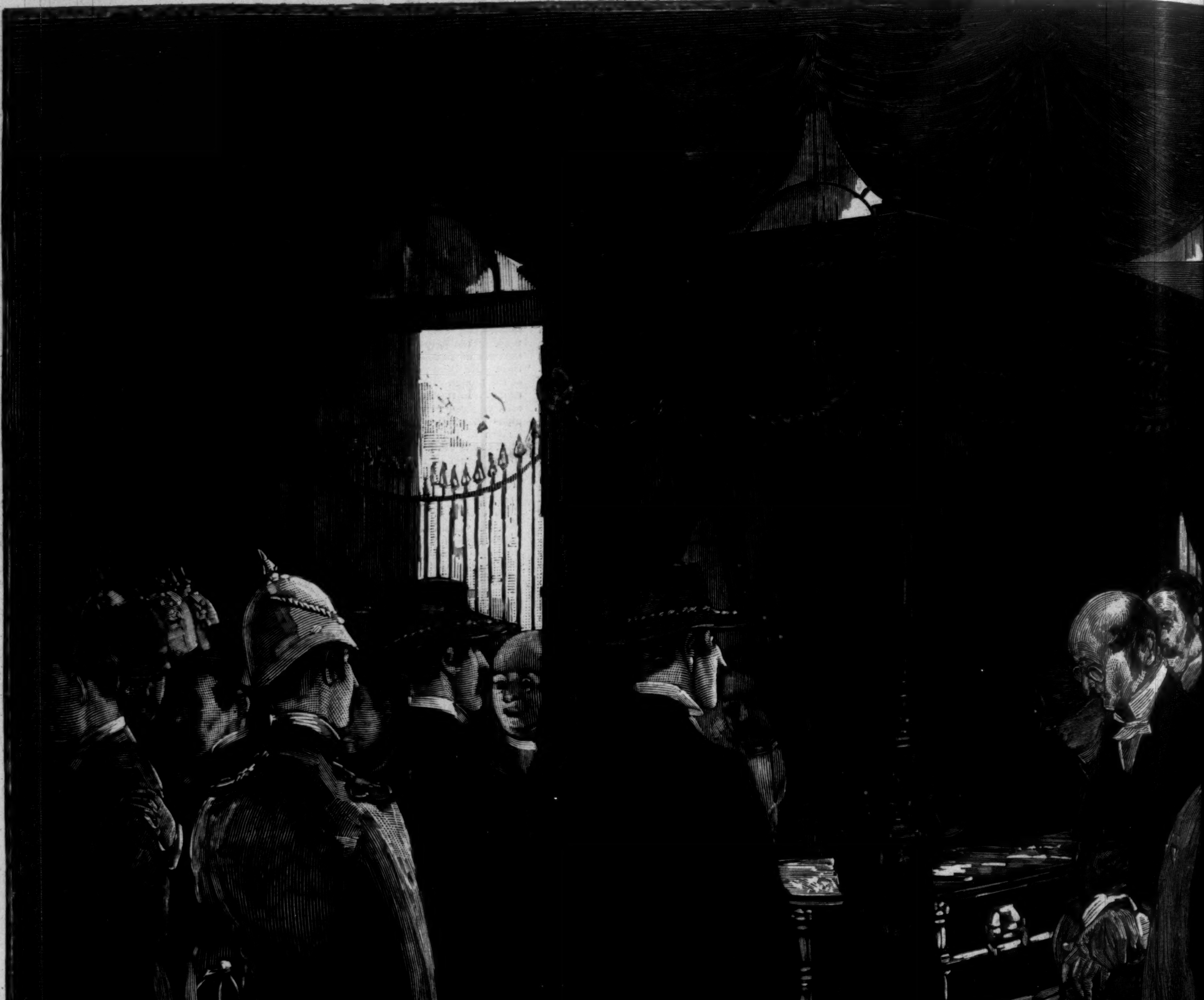
Mormons are holding meetings every Sunday and attempting to make converts in Berlin. "It will be the material prosperity of the Latter-day Saints about Salt Lake City," says the London *Standard*, "and not the Book of Mormon, which will win the sect converts, if they obtain any at all, in a poor, expensive, and unbelieving city like Berlin."

A young man recently entered a shop in which he was employed in Regent Street, London, attended by a large swarm of bees, which had settled on him in the street, and which covered him from the top of his head to his waist. The combination of the youth and the bees "caused much excitement to a number of ladies and gentlemen in the shop," says the report in a London newspaper, and the young man walked out-doors again and into Oxford Street, where he strolled up and down for a time in the hope that the bees would fly away; but they did not, and they only took to flight when, with assistance, he removed his coat and hat. The bees treated him with comparative forbearance, stinging him only a few times on the head and neck. "This is almost the only time," gravely concludes the report already quoted, "that such a remarkable occurrence has been witnessed in the very heart of London."

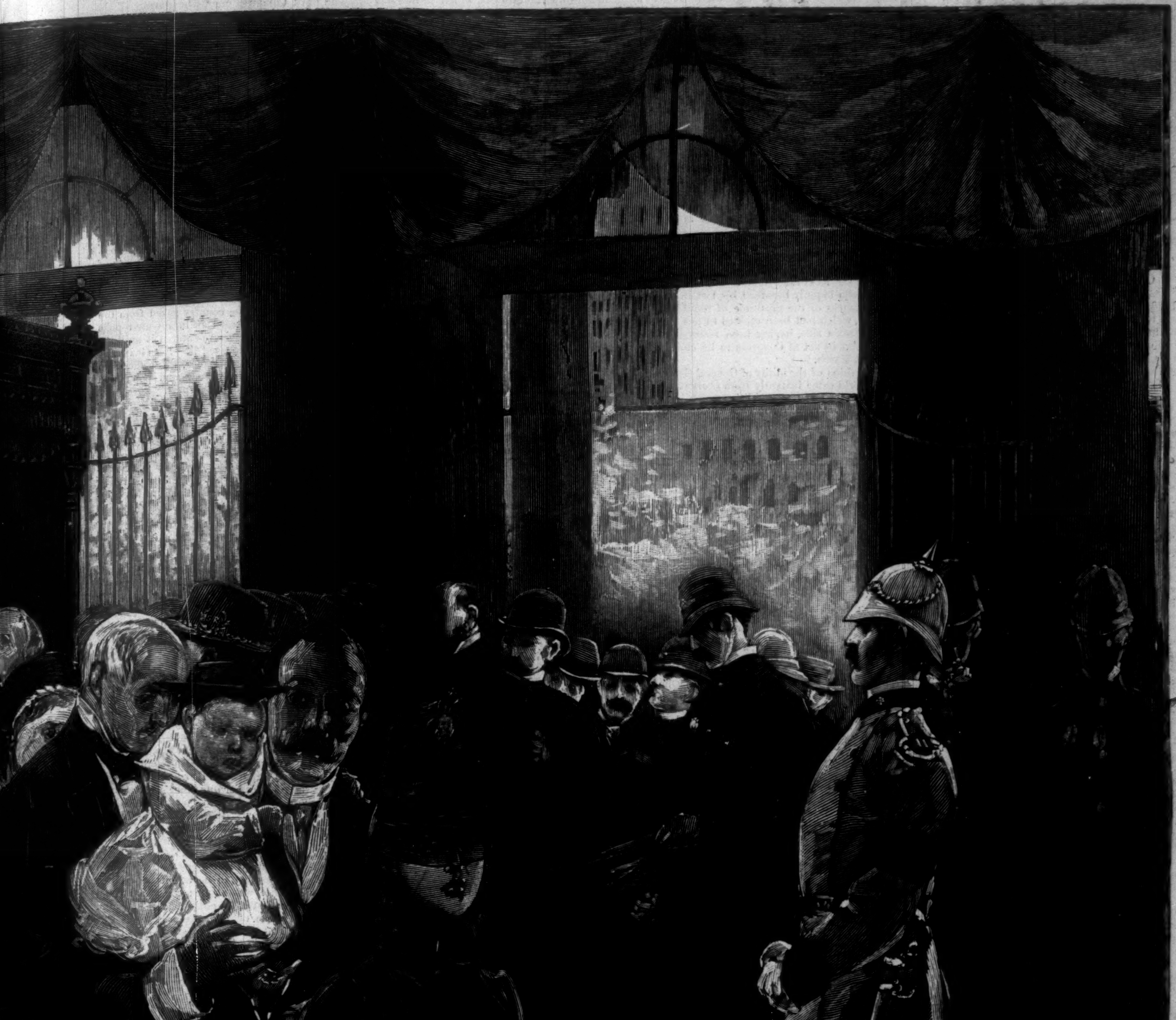
Somebody wants to know why all the geographies contain the statement that "the earth is a sphere slightly flattened at the poles." He says that nobody knows from actual observation what the condition of the earth at the poles really is. He considers the statement that "the earth is a sphere slightly flattened," etc., a remnant of the same bigoted ignorance which before the time of Columbus had it that the entire earth was flat. Those who have tried to get to the poles, he says (and he means thereby a pleasantry which we do not think altogether worthy of one who has so strong an argument), have certainly found the way somewhat of an up grade.

Two revolvers, containing seven chambers each, were emptied of full loads the other day in a Chicago street. One was managed by a policeman, and the other by a Kansas cow-boy. They were firing at each other with intent to kill. Neither was successful. It is said that the policeman was grazed, though he himself does not believe it; but the cow-boy certainly was not hit at all. A group of spectators very closely surrounded the volleying pair, so that no one was injured, although a man employed in repairing a tin roof in the neighborhood had a narrow escape from the terrible leaden hail.

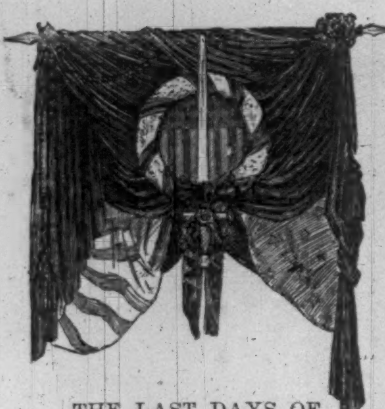
If anybody who lives in the country believes the newspaper paragraphs which say that everybody is out of town, let him come to the city, and arrange it so as to be asleep in a front room at the hour when the milk carts start out. In a little while he will be quite satisfied that the whole world is in town, and prancing by his window on tin horses with loose joints. After that, perhaps, his ear will be caught by the diapason of the beer-trucks, and still later the licensed venders will minister to him in their amply vocal way. Maybe he will think there is a good deal of noise here for a deserted town. Maybe he will think the paragraphers erred. More likely he will be in such a muddle that he will find himself incapable of thinking at all. Probably he will not be displeased. Impressions which are beaten in are pleasant occasionally for the very reason that they are receivable without the necessity of any irksome process of thought. It is those who get them every morning during an extended and oppressive summer that object to them. They grow to be wearing after a while.



GENERAL GRANT'S BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE NE



YORK CITY HALL.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 538.]



THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

In 1878 the writer was invited by a friend at Saratoga to take a Sabbath ride to a recently discovered mountain about twelve miles distant, where an old man named McGregor had, by the aid of his sons, cut roads to the summit, cleared off a portion of the woods, and established a small hotel. Two or three hours' driving brought us to the foot of the mountain, and when we ascended it there lay unfolded before us the Hudson River from Glens Falls, where Fenimore Cooper had rioted in description, to the spires of Schuylerville, where Burgoyne gave up his sword. The delight with which we viewed this unexpected prospect was clouded by no foreboding that, on the spot where we stood gazing, our Joshua was to die. In the hurrying years, with their social improvements, Mount McGregor became the prize of capitalists, and a large hotel replaced McGregor's little inn, and one of these promoters, Mr. Joseph Drexel, a retired banker, built himself a summer home close to the hotel. There the sick General Grant was taken for purer air at the brink of the summer season, and looking out upon the winding Hudson and the hills toward Vermont where Stark destroyed the Hessians, Grant, as an author and the writer of his own memoirs, closed his eventful life. He died, like General Washington, in the act of putting his papers in order for the use of history.

The father-in-law of the late General Lee, Grant's most famous antagonist, related that Washington incurred his last illness by following the blended occupations of surveyor and autobiographer. He spent the day surveying in front of the Mount Vernon mansion for some improvements he had meditated, and becoming dampened with a passing shower, he omitted to change his clothes, and went into his library with Tobias Lear, his secretary, and there sat up until nearly eleven o'clock finishing his official history, as Mr. Sparks afterward printed it. His chattering teeth admonished him that he had been imprudent, and when he went upstairs to his wife's room, and began to cover up the fire to keep it in all night, and she said, "Do come to bed, and let the fire be," "I never put off till to-morrow what I should do to-night," said Washington, and the next night the fire of his own life was extinguished. General Grant, in like manner, undertook to procure some money for his family by inditing his military history, and when it was ended, he expressed, in his sweet and undemonstrative way, his gratitude to God, and his life went out at eight minutes after eight o'clock, Thursday morning, July 23, 1885.

How versatile is death in his treatment of character! no novelist can draw his plots so well. The studious Garfield in an instant of perfect health felt the bullet enter his vitals where only friends seemed to surround him; and the lion-like Grant, who was never dazed by storms of bullets, met his end in the peaceful family shrine. Both these men died at summer resorts, showing how a few years have made our once scattered nation gregarious; and Garfield looked upon the ocean through his months of pain, and Grant, sitting in his easy-chair, looked out upon the battle-fields of the Revolution as they spread miles before him in the summer mist, and both, with luxury and attention unremitting at their sides, were helpless in the grasp of fate.

Thus the great work of History, the limner, goes on, as in the hot July and August days when Grant was lifting from obscurity some little creek, or bluff, or meeting-house, and knighting it a battle-field. Little Appomattox Court-House, with its thirteen roofs, he gave in one morning more celebrity than John Randolph had done with all his speeches and anecdotes, who was reared upon that river's banks.

Mount McGregor puts the historical glow upon one flank of Saratoga Springs, as the death of Secretary Marcy also, near by, drew the attention of the latter's generation to this region.

It is related in the local traditions that the first white man whom the Indians ever permitted to visit and use the waters of Saratoga was Sir William Johnson, the commander of all his Majesty's military business in North America. He expiring at the brink of the Revolution, the close of that contest saw at the same fountains General Washington, brought also through the woods by General Schuyler to taste of the marvellous mineral springs. Last, to the vicinity of Saratoga came Grant, thus completing the military circle from the earliest days of our colonization to the raising of our country to its highest place in the rank of nations.

By another dramatic surprise of the same Muse of History, the body of General Grant was destined to lie near the outlet of the great river upon whose sources he died.

As the little engine which stood waiting day and night to be of use to the expiring soldier's family blended its panting with his last mortal respiration, so his tomb is to stand where Fulton's little steamboat, the pioneer of pneumatic transportation, breathed its infant throbs. General Grant's remains, also, lie within sight of the villa of Alexander Hamilton, and of the spot where that statesman kept a mistaken tryst with death. New York, by the inspiration of the Union which Grant restored, has become one of the famed cities of the world, its human life almost rivalling in majesty the renowned sceneries amidst which it was planted. As the General ascended into a mountain to die, so he returned to an island to find a grave, and that was bestowed upon him by the ardent hospitality of a city which, perhaps above all others in this land, has learned to know no North, no South, no East, no West, but where exists a mingling of races and interests not matched since Rome was in her zenith.

The government of the United States, like the city of New York, in the hands of a political opposition, lost not a moment in recognizing the transcendent services of our General and ex-Chief Magistrate, who happily breathed his last in the full consciousness of the gratitude of republics, his old rank, which had been created to put him by Washington's side, having been restored to him by unanimous act of Congress in its closing hours of last March.

The recognition of the utility of General Grant upon this world came instantly from everywhere upon the electrical instrumentalities which have so expanded in his time. The granddaughter of George III. was among the first to put a tribute upon his bier, and the kings of the earth are still sending their regrets as the news of his death is exchanged with the nations. His military opponents, even those who may have felt humiliated by his sword, were moved by the affectionate nature of the man to visit him in life or death. One of the few waves of noble impulse which roll around the globe, and seem to draw the stars from heaven nearer, sprang onward at the death of Grant.

The last illness of General Grant, extending through all the spring and summer, was marked by that fortitude with which he went forward from gloom to endeavor in the time of war. He walked at Mount McGregor when he should have been carried, and was carried when others would have lain supinely down. An interest in nature and a zest for life buoyed him up until, at last, he felt that his afflictions were greater than he could bear, and he humbly requested, after he was unable to speak, and could only write upon his tablets, that it might be permitted him to tarry no further in this world. He made his last dispositions with the thoroughness of one who is going upon an eternal journey; and then, as it was said that General Washington composed his own limbs in the article of death with a sense of the dignity expected of him, General Grant, without repining or murmuring, awaited the exhaustion of nature. In the pleasant morning-time, while the birds were singing and the waters shining in the early sun, he closed his account, surrounded by all his children, and in the room just above them were two of his grandchildren.

The wife of his youth, his daughter, his three sons and their wives, his three physicians, his nurse, his body-servant, and his secretary were the witnesses of his decease. Mrs. Grant held his hand, and stroked his countenance, and kissed his cold lips.

The purple signs of death had for some hours been visible about those finger-tips which were so long efficient with sword and pen. An atmosphere of love, seldom seen at the death-beds even of the humblest, filled all that chamber in the mountain woods. His great avocations, far-distant travel, and long association with the great, faded from the knowledge of those who saw the good man die, every quality of his soul consistent to the last, and above everything the sense of his gentleness, obedience, and fidelity preserved. He who had ever been true to his wife could easily be true to every lesser creature.

He died in the same month that he was married in St. Louis at the age of twenty-six, having been a true and tender husband for almost thirty-seven years. As he lay there dead he had been an inhabitant of this world for more than sixty-three years; he lived to be within four years of the age of General Washington, and was seven years older than President Lincoln at the latter's death—men with whose names Grant's has been associated in every part of his own country and at the mausoleum of the kings of our race in Westminster Abbey.

His example will be mighty in coming times to make young men spring early to the military call of their country, by which he lived a great life after the apparent conclusion of a humble one.

General Grant had regarded his funeral service thoughtfully, and seemed to desire that he should not be buried until the extreme hot weather was over, and some have thought that in this he was looking to the comfort of the troops and multitude who might attend him to the grave; but the public feeling and private exigency concurred to give him an early resting-place, and therefore, after he had been embalmed, the family funeral service was held where he died, at the Drexel cottage, on Tuesday, the 4th of August, the twelfth day after his decease. A long and diligent address was made over his remains by Rev. John P. Newman, who had at different times been his pastor, and the same day his body was received by General Hancock and staff, of the United States army, commanding the Eastern Department, and passing through Saratoga without delay, the cortége came to the city of Albany, where an imposing military and civic reception had been prepared, and it was escorted to the great new State Capitol building, and there lay in state, beheld, it is said, by nearly 80,000 persons steadily walking past it, until, on the following day, Wednesday, August 5, a much greater funeral train proceeded to the city of New York, passing through important towns, which turned out their entire populations to get a glimpse of the first personage of their day passing out of the sight and touch of man.

At West Point, where he had ended as a humble cadet and tanner's son forty-six years before, in this pleasant summer of the year, the whole corps of cadets was on parade, and the sound of their salute was only the physical reverberation of his example in their young hearts, the last and greatest lesson imparted at West Point. These inspiring scenes, with their Revolutionary reminiscences, General Grant had thoughtfully described to his Ohio cousins when he was a poor cadet; and now he had added another reminiscence to the Hudson Highlands, and the army of the Union, moulded by the hand of Grant, remains, from its commander almost down to the latest class at West Point, as he had left it. The reputations which arose by the side of Grant remained in command after he had ceased to be.

When General Grant resigned his captaincy in the regular army in 1854, it was because his heart-strings had been drawn back to Missouri by his absent wife. Taking the road of affection, Grant had seemed to lose his life in order, as it proved, to save it.

Even his magnificent success in the great campaigns of our country, and his experiences in government and travel afterward, fade away from the mind in the observation of his mighty love for that wife and their offspring. We have had other Presidents to die in dignity and glory, but probably there has never been a President of the United States whose last illness and decease were marked by the overwhelming affection of Grant for his wife and children. The only match for it in modern times was the affection of the British Queen for her faithful consort. Thus the two great branches of the Anglo-American race uphold the domestic example above everything.

In the history of New York probably no such scene has ever been known as the obsequies of General Grant. The marching of the Seventh Regiment to the war nearly a quarter of a century before bore some resemblance to this funeral pageant, but it is seldom in this world that more than a quarter of a million of people take the pains to march in procession, and look upon the face of a dead hero. For three nights and two days General Grant lay in state in the vestibule of the City Hall, which had been fashioned into a crypt by black hangings, and he was guarded by some of his old soldiers, and by officers selected from the National Guard.

The people would form in lines far up Broadway, falling in two by two with the ready adaptability of an intelligent race; then they would slowly move around the City Hall Park, their course indicated rather than commanded by policemen, and near the entrance to the Hall they would divide into two files, so that two persons could at the same time glance at the remains, one from either side of the coffin. The time to each was so short that he could hardly do more than look at the white, hollow hand and milky, fading face.

The dome and stairway, which formed a lantern to this crypt, were superbly decorated with floral tributes from the city and from organizations, and toward the last a colored family in Washington sent one of the best of these. The deep interest the people took in the last of General Grant astonished the most mercurial amongst us. His death appeared to have gone into the heights and depths of society, moving the rich to respect, and the very outcasts to affection. In the early morning would be seen women and children waiting for a chance to get into the building, and long after midnight the patient procession at a snail's pace moved along until word would go out that no more could be admitted.

The funeral, however, was the greatest feature of this half-week of national sorrow. It was under the control of the city of New York, and incidentally of the national government. The remarkable spectacle of three Presidents of the United States come to the grave of a fourth may never be seen again by the living generation, if indeed in another century. No similar scene has been witnessed since Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe walked together in the grounds of the University of Virginia. The President brought his whole cabinet; the United States army and navy may be said to have been collected in all their enterprise and leading biography here. The pall-bearers selected by the President were typical of the highest respect and career in the land. Sherman and Sheridan, Grant's old lieutenants, Johnston and Buckner, his old opponents, gave a picture of American fraternity astonishing almost to ourselves who remember the terrible conflicts within the present generation, and how for years it seemed that the American flag was doomed to be seen only in museums and old paintings.

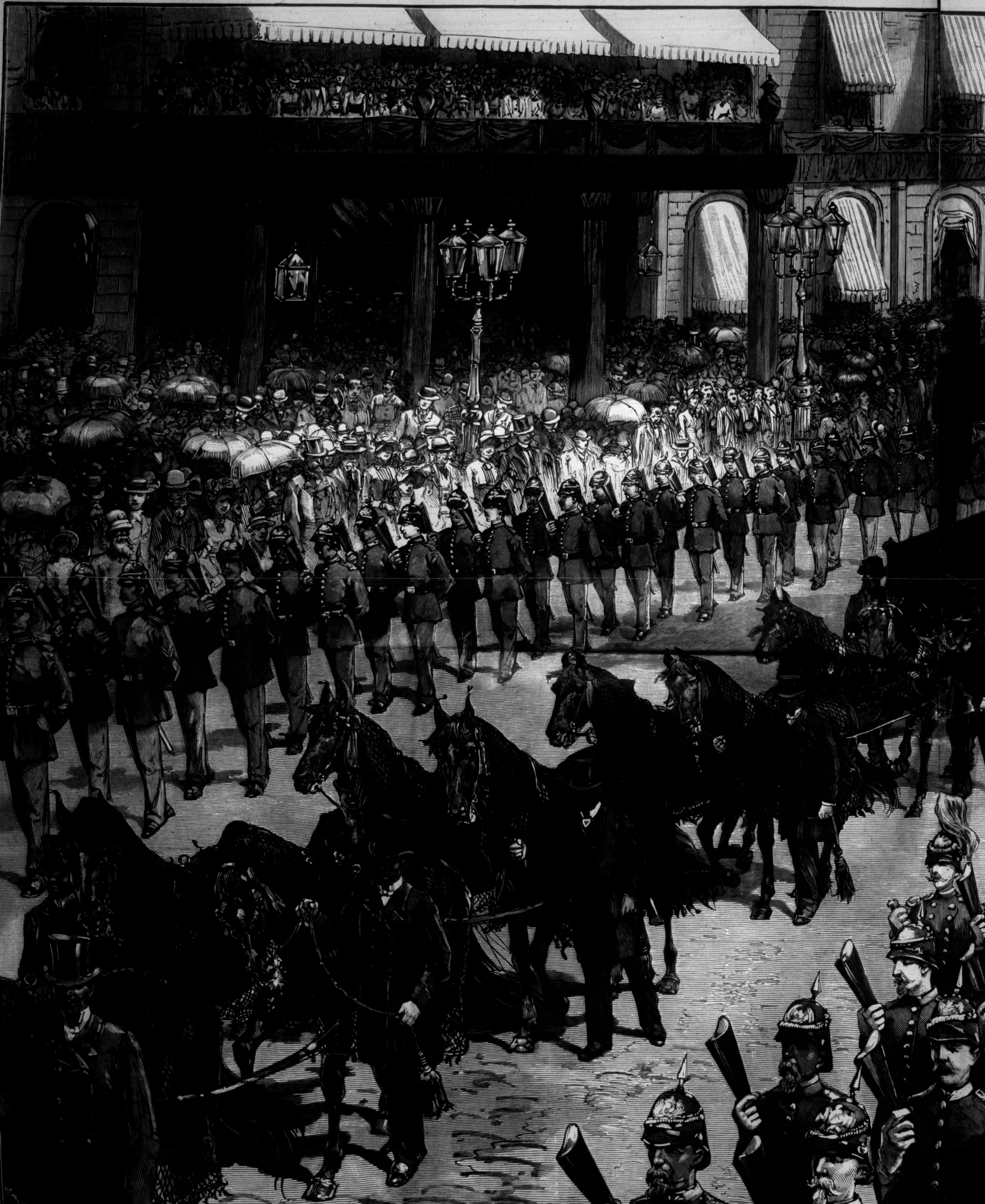
Led by General Hancock, the great procession, which occupied five hours marching past any fixed point, reached the tomb, six or seven miles above the City Hall, and every step of the way, whether through dense city blocks or green fields or naked rocks, was occupied by the people. The head grows sore trying to compute such numbers, and it may be said in the general that all the metropolitan district was either in the procession or among the spectators, and that they were re-enforced by tens of thousands of people from other States and towns. Probably there figured in this funeral a full million of people. The passive portion of the spectacle was the government itself. The New York police had nothing to do but to keep the curious crowd from the procession. The soldiery, whether volunteer or regular, was sacred in the people's eyes. The government of Washington and the long array of State Governors had neither duty nor fear, but came willingly and gladly, each from a high sense of respect, and the satisfaction of adding his name or face to this national testimonial.

The Park Commissioners, who govern all the pleasure-grounds of New York, had used our mechanical talent avariciously to create a temporary tomb, and it was put upon a high tongue of land, with water extending inland close by and farther off. You could see the waterways to the West and to New England and to Europe. Where these great tides roll man to his destiny in a fresher world, the simple son of the West, whom the government had put to school, laid his tired head, and whereas for more than half his life he was no subject of curiosity to any, the mere interring of his bones brought the continent to his feet, for all felt that he, without having solicited consideration except by his deeds, was the synopsis of the most endeavoring generation of Americans since the Revolution. How strange it was to think, amidst the other blessings of Heaven, that the entire population of the United States in the time of Washington's battles was not double that of the present city of New York, where he suffered his first and greatest defeat. Driven from this island, his garrisons captured, his best soldiers killed or captives, the first commander of the country gazed from the woods of New Jersey upon an infant metropolis forever lost, and he never re-entered it until the enemy voluntarily evacuated it. But Grant, by the casuistries of men's choice, was coffined in the high lands where victory and population looked patronizingly upon the past.

The old colonial stiffness has faded from our public heroes; man must stand inspection for historical promotion, like the common soldier stripped of his garments and examined by the irreverent surgeon. How many had essayed to find some flaw in Grant, yet every critic was brought chained to his tomb. In the amazing simplicity and amazing commonplace of his character had been hidden the smouldering ores which constitute the wealth of mankind. Never fashioned into any kingly image, never changing his address to the low or the high, he depended for affection and respect upon the realizations which painters can not portray. This young land, scarcely a century old, at peace with itself and every nation, freedom no longer an inconsistency, her wealth itself hardly important, and virtuous poverty less of a stigma than in our colonial days, the people of the globe, at this moment when Grant enters his tomb, may well ask themselves if there is any method of security like democratic faith and endeavor. The doctrine the French skeptic preached, that the people were the sovereign, has passed here into the daily life of millions. There is nothing so terrible, yet so merciful, as the intelligent public opinion that has been created by a thousand institutions and processes, and while this has often brought General Grant into its court, every time he has been acquitted there have been joy and gladness. He suggests no predecessor; where his ear or any other sense was defective, the defect went into the scale and completed his originality. No man claims perfection for him, which would, with a simple soul like his, have been deceit. The people loved him most when they found him true to his own model, like a root which under the cabinet-maker's polish shows every deformity to be inimitable beauty. The fibre of him was sound; the worm could crawl over him, but could not penetrate his grain. When death came near, he was a gracious surrenderer, and met the king of terrors like a child.

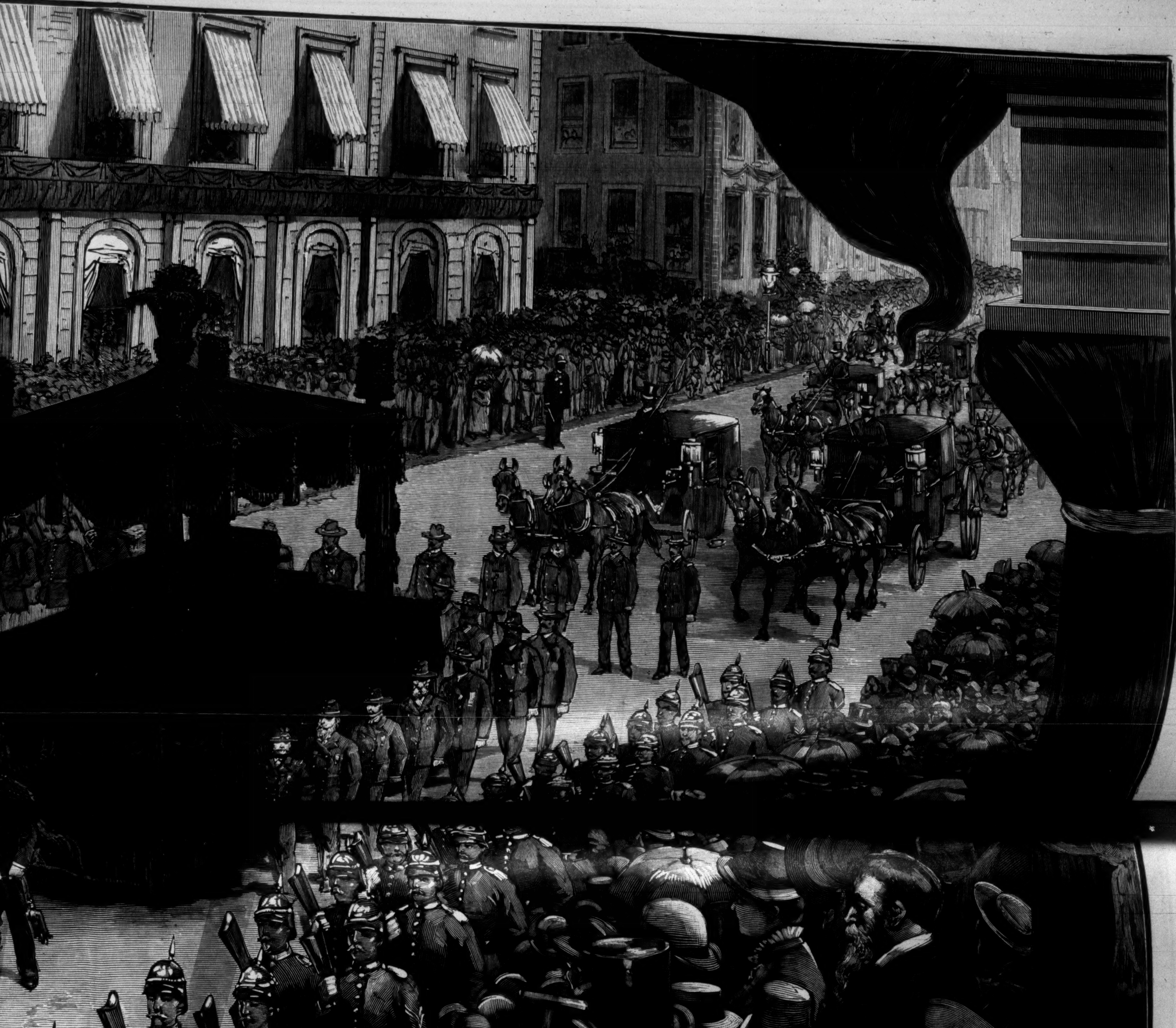
The little tomb is reached before five o'clock, and the dust of the General is borne from the hearse, and the twenty-four sable steeds which had drawn it panted beneath the soothing of their African grooms. Two kingbirds in a small tree behind the vault screamed in the tender fear of their young, molested by all these human multitudes. There is a terror to closet natures in such mighty crowds, but great is the philosophy which can act like nature where privacy never comes. The most elbowed and hustled gentleman of our race never lost either his country manners nor his patience in the unmitigated gaze of the public, but said at last, "Nothing is so agreeable to me as the people." This son of faith, dying in the human love of that earlier One who thought men worthy of life's sacrifice, the people followed proudly to his vault. His comrades read the tender service appointed for their lowliest—for in courage there is no aristocracy: "God of battles! Father of all! we seek Thee, with whom there is no death!" What democracy of high-priesthood is this! "Amen," say the kindly veterans. "Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave, and earnest defender of the republic," says the post commander, and the privates come one by one with their flowers and evergreens. What sacrifice is so complete as life! How nearest of all the virtues to it is friendship! "Let each one," speaks the post chaplain at the grave, "be so loyal to every virtue, so true to every friendship, so faithful in our remaining march, that we shall be ready to fall, not with doubt, but in faith." Grant's last victory was over doubt, and he felt about his fellow-man, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." And so he met with the completest rewards of fame. Three Presidents bent above the coffin. Confederate generals with arms locked in Union generals' arms—Johnston with Sherman, Sheridan with Buckner—looked lovingly on the supreme captain. No sign nor act of treachery could any survivor link with his mastiff life. The preachers followed with their ritual, the volunteer regiments fired all their guns, and loud artillery made the emphasis, and the little steamers of war in the river gave the echo. The coffin was slided into the casket of steel, and the Mayor of New York took the key of the sepulchre door. A career so superb that analysis can not deal with it is ended, and the lock made fast. He realized our institutions in every point, and—

> "Gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
> Under whose colors he had fought so long."



GENERAL GRANT'S FUNERAL—THE PROCES

Drawn by T. de Thulstru—[See P



ESSION PASSING UP FIFTH AVENUE.

PAGE 538.]

SCRIMSON & TULLY.

"It's no use, Mark. He won't listen to reason."

"I don't want to use logic with him, Fanny. It isn't a matter for argument."

"But you don't know papa as well as I do."

"And I don't think I prize his acquaintance as much as that of his daughter."

"You don't know him, and"—giving just a little squeeze to the coat sleeve, on which her gloved hand rested—"you must let me say all the unpleasant things about him. You don't know how set he is in his way, and now he is very angry."

"I never saw a decent man kicked out-of-doors except on the stage, and he won't begin the practice in real life on me. Don't you believe it, Fanny."

"He didn't say anything about kicking," replied Fanny, with disdain; "but when you come to the house this evening he will send word that I am not at home. It's no use, Mark. You must be patient a little while. *We* must be patient," emphasizing the pronoun with another little squeeze of the coat sleeve.

"What has set the old curmudgeon"—Fanny withdrew her hand—"what has turned the favor of your respected parent"—the hand was replaced—"so suddenly against me? What is he angry about?" asked Mark.

"That is just what I came out to meet you for, and I would have told you long ago if you hadn't been so unreasonable. You must know, sir, that I am doing a very improper thing in running after you in this way, and walking home with you from your office, when papa has forbidden me to receive you at the house; and I think, perhaps, I ought to leave you at once, right here."

"What were you going to say, Fanny, when I interrupted you with my unreasonableness?" meekly responded Mark.

"I had begun to tell you that it is all about your uncle, and not about you at all."

"What has my uncle done? He has been in partnership with your father for ten years past, and that is how we came to know each other, Fanny. They can't have quarrelled after all this time."

"Yes, they have. I never saw papa so angry before. He has been cross for a week, and to-day he came home crosser than ever, and told me he never wanted to see any one by the name of Tully again. He said you must stop coming to the house, and that if I didn't want to refuse to see you, he would take care of it; and when I said I couldn't, he called in the housekeeper, and told her to give orders to the servants to say that I was not at home to you."

"And made you cry—confound him!" interjected Mark, as, looking down at the brown eyes on a level with his shoulder, he saw the lashes set in diamonds.

"I didn't cry much," replied Fanny, with a little sniff, and winking hard. "But he talked horribly. They are going to wind up the business, and we shall go off somewhere; for he hates the whole town, he says, and all he wants is to come back to your uncle's funeral. Isn't it awful, Mark? 'All I want of old Tully is legal proofs of his death,' he said."

"H'm!" was Mark's inarticulate comment, as if the glimmer of an idea had struck him.

"Why, he talks just as if your uncle had cheated him," continued Fanny. "He says that he must get out of the business to save what he has left, and that 'old Tully' will have to die to pay him what he has got from him."

"They must have had a lively time of it," said Mark. "But it is all nonsense. Each of them is rich enough to retire if he wants to; and as for that life-insurance, it was only a little piece of business for me. Neither of them needs it."

"What life-insurance?" asked Fanny.

"About three years ago," explained Mark, "when I was getting business for the Monadnock Mutual Profit and Benevolent Association, I induced them to take out policies in favor of each other. So your father holds a policy of ten thousand on my uncle's life, and my uncle the same on the life of your father. If either of them dies, the other gets the money. That's what he meant when he said old Tully would have to die to pay him."

"How horrible!" ejaculated Fanny. "Do you think your uncle feels the same way about my father?"

"I don't doubt he feels a great deal worse, to judge from what I know of the old gentleman's sentiments when he once gets an antipathy. But don't you worry, Fanny," continued Mark, in a re-assuring tone. "Neither of them will realize on his policy for a long time yet, and there'll be another partnership of Scrimson and Tully before that."

"Oh, Mark!" and the brown eyes were quickly raised and cast down.

"I won't come to see you to-night," said Mark, after they had walked on a way; "and perhaps not to-morrow night. I have some regard for the sudden prejudices of your respected father, and I want to see how my uncle takes it. When I find that out, I shall know what to do. Trust it to me, Fanny. I will write you at the house. They can't say 'not at home' to the United States mail."

Mark bought an evening paper as he went on to his uncle's house after parting from Fanny. An advertisement caught his eye:

"Dissolution of Partnership.—The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the style of Scrimson & Tully, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All outstanding accounts will be settled on presentation at the office, 45 Doane Street, to James Collins, who is authorized to receipt for the firm.

Andrew J. Scrimson,
Marcellus F. Tully."

Mr. Tully senior was indeed in quite as violent a state of mind as his nephew had pictured him. The latter, with a prudence most becoming to his years, refrained from communicating to his uncle the original source of his information of the breach between the partners, presenting the newspaper announcement as his excuse for inquiry as to particulars. These were soon given in emphatic phrase. A year of fairly good business, as compared with the depression all about them, had been changed into a year of actual loss by several apparently good accounts proving worthless when collection was attempted. For some of these losses, which wiped out the year's work, one partner was responsible; for some, the other. A chance word inspired by worry provoked recrimination, and the two somewhat peppery temperaments had warmed into an angry separation.

"When it came to that old dotard's throwing Foster's mortgage in my face," said Mr. Tully, in narrating the final scene, "I told him I'd buy the confounded claim for the face of the debt, and he could go to thunder."

"Who is Foster, and what is his mortgage?" asked Mark.

"Foster is a customer I picked up from Philadelphia, and six months ago I took a mortgage on some land of his in Pennsylvania, as security for what he owed us and couldn't pay. We had to foreclose on him; and then, as near as we could find out, nothing but stones grew on his farm, and the land was worth about six cents an acre."

"Did Scrimson buy up any of the bad debts that he took in?"

"No; he isn't quite such a fool as I am. The business will be wound up square, except this one claim that I took. Thank the Lord! I don't need to work any more unless I feel like it, and that policy will be falling in one of these days when Scrimson goes off with apoplexy in one of his rages."

"You mean the Monadnock Mutual on his life?"

"Yes; that's the only way we can balance accounts. He has cost me more than ten thousand the past year; and if he goes on losing for himself as he lost on joint account, it will be money in his daughter's pocket to get his estate into executors' hands. By-the-way, Mark, are you fooling around there as much as you were?"

"I don't go to the house much now," answered Mark, calmly disingenuous.

"Well, I wouldn't if I were you. Nothing good can come of it. I am done with him and all his belongings, and you'd better be."

What a ludicrous similarity in the turn and habit of mind of these two men! thought Mark. After ten years of close relations, a quarrel which involves mutual reflections upon their business capacity changes their friendship into detestation, drives them apart, and sets each watching for the death of the other, on whose life a price has been put. It seemed to him a despotism of the business instinct, asserting its supreme rule over all sentiment and passion; and as he listened to his uncle talking in the way that had seemed so horribly grotesque to Fanny when she heard it from her father, the glimmer of an idea became a sudden light to him, and he saw his way to an experiment with this same abnormally developed business instinct which had something of promise in it. At least, nothing could make the situation worse as far as it concerned himself and Fanny, and it might be made better.

To this end he called on his own business faculties.

"Have you got that Pennsylvania mortgage with you?" he asked.

"No; it's with some other papers in the safe. What do you want of it?"

"I am going to Philadelphia in a day or two, and might run down and look up the property. Now that you own it, you ought to know something more about it. It may not be such a bad piece as you have been told."

"Oh, it's as bad as it can be. We leased a dozen acres of it a month ago for twenty-five dollars a year and taxes, with option of purchase. But you may look at it if you want to. I put the whole matter in your hands. Collins will give you the papers if you drop in at the office to-morrow. By-the-way, ask him for that policy on Scrimson's life, and see if it is all straight and safe; and if you happen to run across Scrimson, let me know how he is looking."

Mark did not run across Scrimson, and consequently could not report upon the prospect of his sudden demise; but he mailed a letter to Scrimson's pretty daughter before starting on his Pennsylvania trip the next day. His business in Philadelphia was soon finished, and as he took his seat in the westward-bound train his mind was free to work on the audacious scheme, which had come to him like an inspiration, for the simultaneous punishment and reformation of the two unreasonable men whose prejudices stood between him and his Fanny. His conclusion was that while it was a desperate experiment, it was worth trying; and his resolution was not shaken by an incident which occurred the next day.

He had stepped off the train to catch a breath of undiluted mountain air at Altoona, and walking along the station platform he had a glimpse of a face at the window of a Pullman car that sent an electric shock from the region of his heart up and down his frame to brain and feet simultaneously.

"Fanny!"

"Mark!"

"How did you get here? Where are you going?"

"How did you dare to follow us?"

"It was 'a spirit in my feet.' My good angel sent me without my knowing it."

"Why! didn't you get my letter?"

"No; but I wrote you one."

"And I didn't get that, either. Father hurried me off without even giving me time to pack. We got news that his cousin in Pittsburgh had a stroke of apoplexy and wasn't expected to live—his own cousin, born the same day he was, and named after grandfather, just like papa."

"Was the old gentleman a good deal cut up?" inquired Mark. "Is his heart just a little softened?"

"Poor papa feels very bad," answered Fanny; "but it is awful to hear him talk just as unkindly as ever about you and your uncle. Why, the first thing he said was, 'If it had only been Tully, now.' He is as hard as ever. There! he is coming back to his seat. Do go away, Mark!"

"Wait just a minute. This is important, Fanny, and you mustn't forget it. I'm not going to Pittsburgh; but if that cousin should die, you send me a newspaper with the notice of his death just as quickly as you can, and write me the minute you get home. I shall be back in five days. You'll remember? That's a dear girl."

"He's coming, Mark! Go away before he sees you!"

Mark, in farewell, pressed the fingers that rested on the sill of the car window, and strolled toward the rear of the train, which was about starting. When at length he got off at the junction with the southern branch, a flutter of white at the window of the Pullman told him that he was not forgotten or unobserved.

The tract of land which had come into his uncle's possession through the unfortunate mortgage he found without difficulty, and after half a day's examination he concluded that its value had been stated with tolerable accuracy. It showed a stubborn soil in the open, alternating with sparse woodland, and on one eminence the foundation and cellar of an intended mansion-house, grown over with weeds and brush, and known in the region as Foster's Folly.

This was on the leased portion of the estate; and as Mark rode his horse slowly around the base of the hill, wondering what in the name of agriculture or land speculation could have induced any one to hire a piece of this unprofitable country, he became conscious of a sound as of regular gasping or panting. Continuing his course, there mingled with this the noise of a creak and a thud alternating; and on finally rounding the hill he saw, rising before him, just at the foot of the declivity, one of those skeleton towers with which certain districts in Pennsylvania are so thickly planted, but which seemed an exotic indeed in this region. It was an oil derrick, down whose centre the drill was patiently plunging, while near by a little steam-engine was panting and wheezing as the working-beam tilted and creaked. He had come upon a "wild-cat" location, for this was far outside the accepted limits of the oil belt, and no prospector had before risked his money on the drill in this unpromising region. It was, moreover, an exceptional incident in the history of "wild-catting" that the operator should lease his land, or, indeed, pay any attention to the claims of ownership. Could it be that at this distance from all known oil-fields, in a section which experts had condemned as barren by all the tests of geology, there had been found "indications" of sufficient value to warrant such protection as a formal lease affords?

This startling suggestion took on more force when Mark observed that the base of the derrick was inclosed by a stout and tight shed, at whose single entrance there appeared to welcome his approach a dog of blood-thirsty aspect, who greeted him vociferously. Whoever the operator might be, he must certainly have something more encouraging than dry sand beneath his drill to require such unusual precautions against observation, as well as removal. He appeared behind the dog in the open doorway as Mark approached.

"Is this Mr. Peters?" inquired Mark.

"That's my name."

"I come from Mr. Tully, owner of this property, who has put its management in my hands," said Mark. "My name is Tully. You are going for oil, I see. Rather outside the belt, aren't you?"

"Mebbe it's oil I'm after, and mebbe it's water."

"How far down are you?"

"Mebbe I'm down to the sand, and mebbe I ain't to the first rock. You're too curious, young man. Anything wrong with the lease?"

"Nothing at all. You are safe in possession the rest of the year, and can buy the place within that time at the price agreed on."

"Well, there ain't nothing in the lease, fur's I know, about the landlord entering upon the premises when he may see fit, and I ain't fixed up for company yet. Glad to see you and your friends some other time. Good-day."

"Good-day," replied Mark, handing him a card. "If you want to buy, drop me a line."

Mark had seen and heard enough to cause him to employ the services of the one lawyer in the country town near by as in some sort a confidential agent to maintain a discreet watch upon the boring operations at Foster's Folly, and report to him by telegraph if any strike was made. It seemed impossible; but if it happened, that unlucky mortgage would become the most valuable of his uncle's possessions.

He arrived home in due course of time and railroading, with the determination to push his scheme to a test as quickly as circumstances offered opportunity. And opportunity came treading swiftly on the heels of circumstance; for on going to his office on the morning following his arrival, he found among the accumulated mail not only Fanny's tender little letter announcing her sudden departure, which he had missed the week before, but a Pittsburgh paper with a marked notice of the death of Andrew Jackson Scrimson, and another letter from Fanny telling that they would leave immediately after the funeral, and reach the city the very day on which Mark was now reading the announcement.

Mark lost no more time in reporting at his uncle's residence than was necessary for a short interview with Collins, the confidential clerk and bookkeeper of the late firm, the purport of which was also confidential.

"I have news for you, uncle," was his introductory remark, somewhat sombre in utterance.

"I hope it's good news, my boy."

"You will probably think so, sir," responded Mark. "I have received this paper from Pittsburgh." And he handed it to his uncle, indicating the spot where to read.

"SCRIMSON.—In this city, 16th inst., suddenly, Andrew Jackson Scrimson, aged fifty-seven years."

"What—what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Tully, flushing a deep red, and then paling so quickly that his nephew stepped hastily forward to catch him as he sank into a chair. "Is this true, Mark? How did it happen? Great heavens! To think of his going off in that way!"

"I ran across him on the Pennsylvania Central last week," replied Mark. "He was on his way to Pittsburgh, and I thought he wasn't looking as well as usual. I can't believe now that he is dead," he continued, with heartless hypocrisy, "but when I got this news, I brought it straight to you, as I knew you had a considerable interest in the fact."

"Dead—dead—" Mr. Tully spoke as if to himself. Then to Mark: "You might have broken it to me more gently, my boy."

"I understood you were anxious to realize on your policy—"

"What do you take me for?" cried Mr. Tully, an angry red displacing the pallor of his face.

"And that perhaps you would like to secure the proofs of death without unnecessary delay," continued the young man, mercilessly.

"May God forgive me!" ejaculated the elder. "It is too late to ask it of my old friend. But if his spirit can take note of things of the earth it has left, he will some time know that never in my heart did I wish him ill. Mark," he continued, after a pause in which he seemed to be pulling himself together after the shock, "we must go at once to the office and see if Collins can tell us anything of this terrible affair."

Mark was as silent as his uncle during the short walk down-town, but for a different reason; and when they entered the corridor leading from Doane Street to the office on the corner, his soul quaked within him. But hardly had they entered the counting-room, and put the first anxious question to Collins, when from the entrance opening on the other side there appeared, not with his daughter upon his arm, but himself leaning on that frail support, Mr. Scrimson.

The two partners stood speechless an instant, while conflicting purposes seemed battling within them.

"Andrew!"—Tully was the first to speak.

"Marcellus!"—and their hands were clasped.

"God bless us both! It wasn't you, then. But who put this lying thing in the paper?" demanded Tully, pulling from his pocket the Pittsburgh daily.

"That is my cousin—my twin, they used to call him," replied Scrimson. "And now I want to know what this means." And he took from his pocket a letter with the firm's heading, and shook it savagely before the face of Collins, whose name appeared at the foot. It read:

"Dear Sir,—Referring to your late expressions of concern regarding the policy which you hold on the life of your late partner, Mr. Tully, I would say that a recent event renders it advisable to take steps at once in order to realize upon it."

"What does that mean," vociferated Scrimson, "except that you have news of Tully's death, and are breaking it to me as gently as you can?"

"I certainly did not wish to disturb you unnecessarily, sir," replied Collins, inspired by an excruciating wink which Mark delivered him over his uncle's shoulder. "I simply wished to confer with you on the matter of re-insurance, as I learn this morning that the Monadnock Mutual has defaulted its payments, and will be wound up at once by the insurance commissioners."

"That means that our policies are worthless," said Tully. "Well, I'm glad of it."

"So am I," responded Scrimson. "I never felt so much like a hound as when I got Collins's letter this morning, and thought you were gone."

"Nor I so like a brute as when I read your death in the papers."

For some minutes a small and rather dirty boy in telegraph messengers' uniform had been inquiring of deaf ears if Mr. Mark Tully kept there. Mark now took from him the yellow envelope, tore it open, and glanced at the message.

"This concerns you, uncle," he said, handing it to the elder man, who read:

"Peters struck oil. Thousand barrels yesterday. Well plugged until tanks arrive. Am offered big money for land next Foster's Folly. Wire price and authority to sell."

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means," answered Mark, "that Foster's mortgage which you bought is worth no one knows how many millions. All the oil men in Pennsylvania will want a piece of that land to-morrow, when this new strike becomes known, and you can sell it for any price you want to name by the square foot. I have been kicking myself ever since I came back to think that you ever gave that Peters the option of purchase on twelve acres."

"Let me congratulate you, Marcellus," said Scrimson. "You deserve your luck."

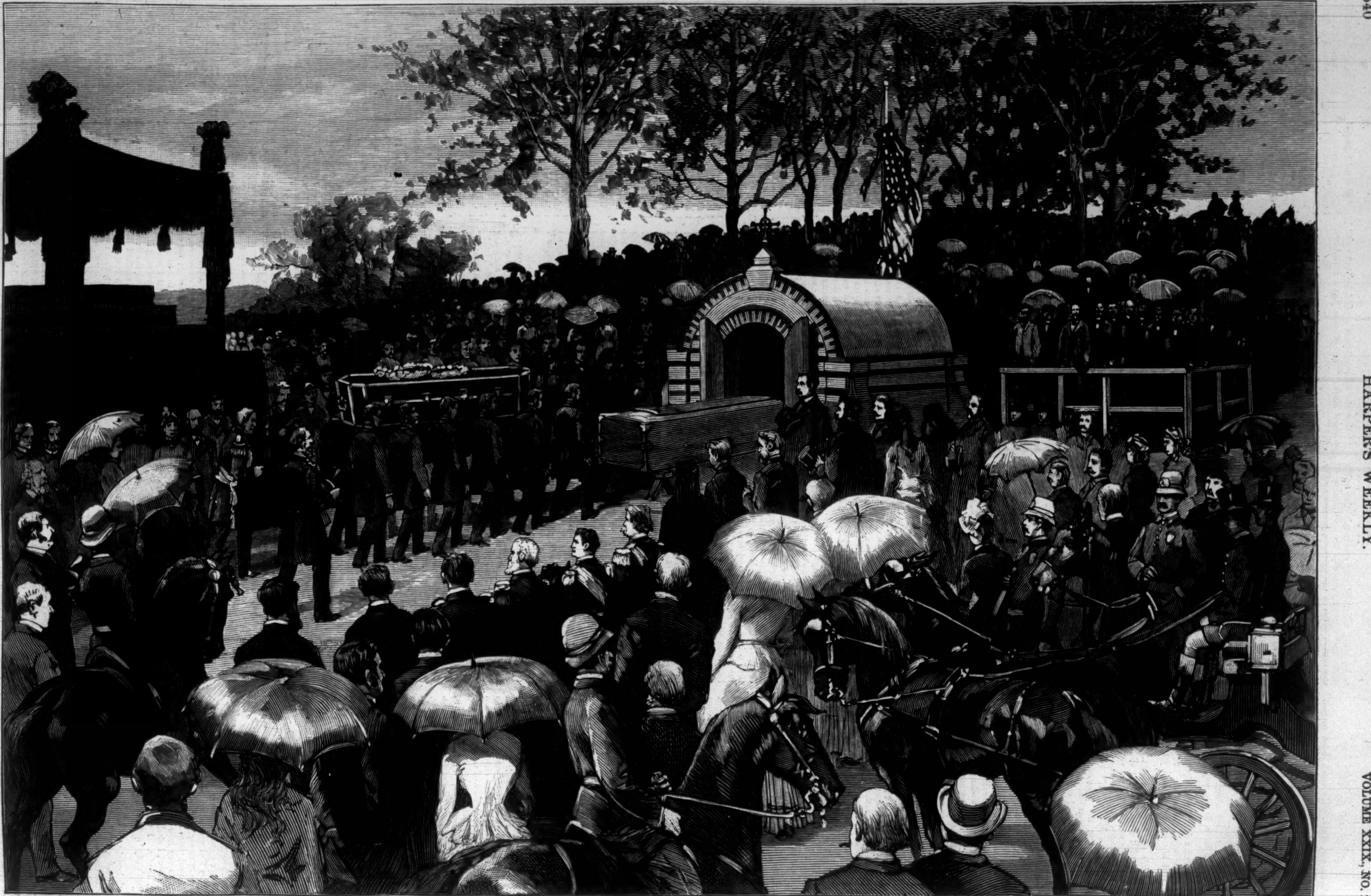
"But I don't, and I sha'n't," replied Tully. "Half of this belongs to you, old friend."

"Not a bit of it. I crowded the thing on you, and it belongs to you," reiterated Scrimson.

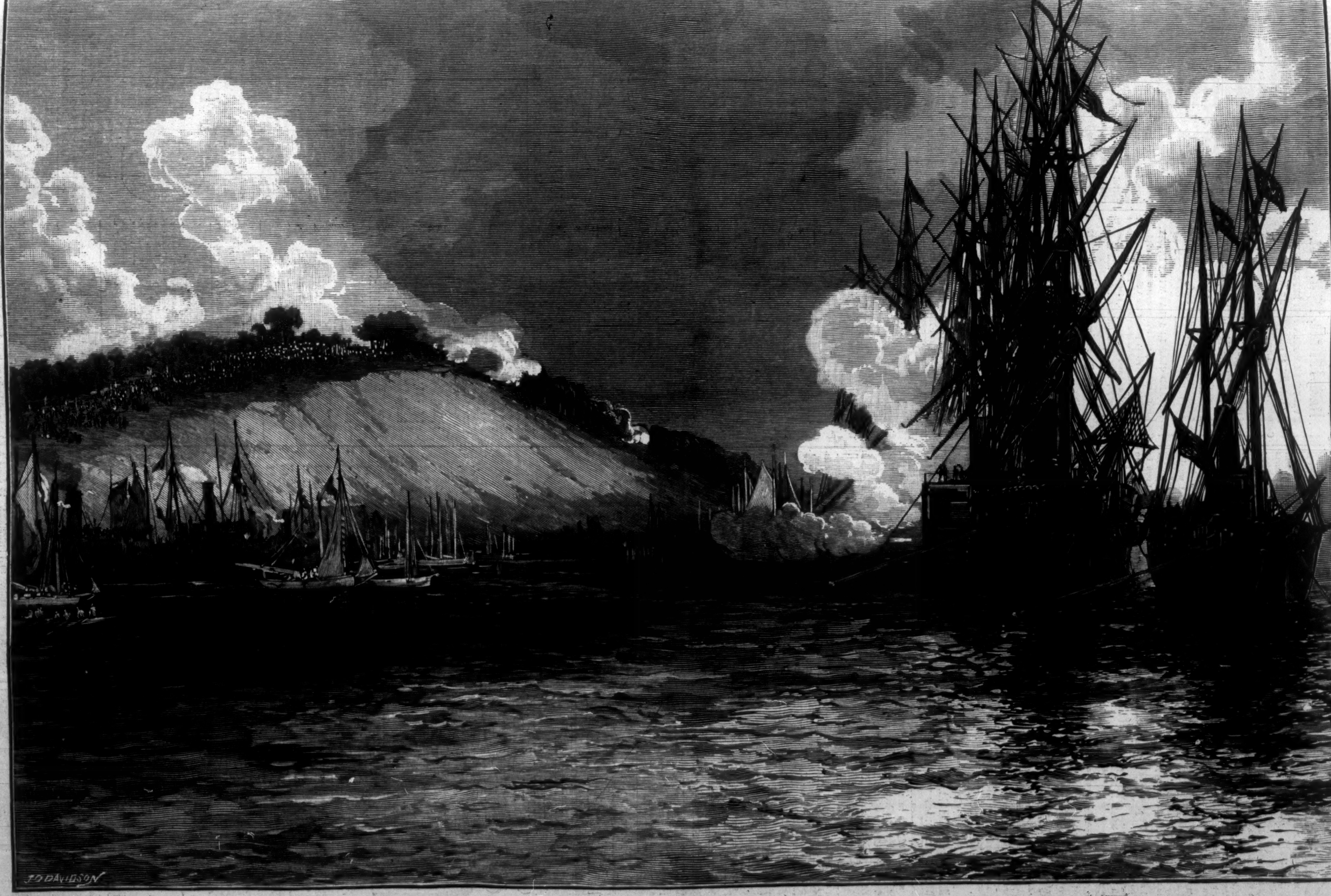
"Now let's talk sense and business," said Tully. "When trade is dull the usual thing is to give the young men a share in the business, and save salaries, isn't it? Well, I propose that we take in my nephew and Collins here as junior partners, and throw this oil property in as extra capital. We two are old enough to take our ease and let the youngsters do the work for us, and keep the name of the old house alive. What do you say?"

Scrimson said yes. And as the reunited partners walked from the counting-room side by side, Mark drew Fanny's hand under his arm, and followed, with the whisper,

"That other firm of Scrimson and Tully—when shall we sign the articles of copartnership?"



AT THE TOMB IN RIVERSIDE PARK.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 538.]



J.O. DAVIDSON

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM THE RIVER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 538.]

ON THE SHORE.

From the German of Hermann Allmers.

The sun was setting. On the lonely shore,
Gazing upon the glowing heavens, I stood;
The clouds were bending downward to the flood,
Purple, with golden edges broidered o'er.

The waters, with slow undulations long,
Plashed on the shore and threw soft flakes of spray,
As half in sleeping, half in dreamy play,
The while they hummed a slumb'rous cradle-song.

Half in departing, gazed the gorgeous ball
From out the waters on the splendor rare;
A blissful whisper shuddered through the air—
Then great delight and stillness over all.

Then o'er me came a longing warm and deep—
Most sweet, most wondrous sad, it seemed to me;
My soul flew o'er the waves to thee, to thee;
Mine eyes grew dim with tears, yet would not weep.

And so in silence I forsook the strand;
Too great the loveliness without alloy
For one poor human bosom to enjoy.
With thee I must behold it, hand in hand.

E. M. Traquair.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."—[*Adv.*]

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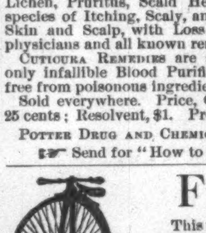
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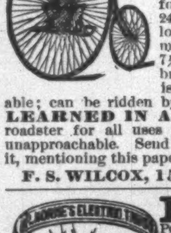

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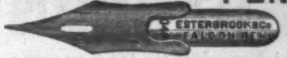

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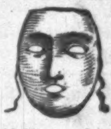

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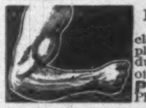

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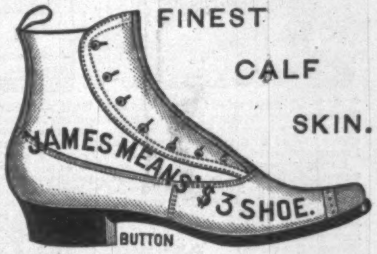


CAUTION.—This is the **Original** $3 Shoe. Beware of imitations, which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. **You cannot** be sure of getting the **genuine** article unless you are careful to examine and see that our stamp appears plainly on the soles.

These Shoes for gentlemen are made of finest Tannery Calf Skin, stitched with large Silk Machine Twist, and are **unequalled** in **Durability, Comfort,** and **Appearance.** They are made in various widths to fit any foot. They are made with either broad or narrow toes. Made in styles shown in cuts. The merits of these Shoes have caused such an enormous increase in the demand for them that we can now furnish proof that our celebrated factory produces a larger quantity of Shoes of this grade than any other factory in the world. Our factory is run, first and above all, in the interest of consumers; by giving their claims our first attention we best further the interests of the retail trade, and by so doing best advance our own.

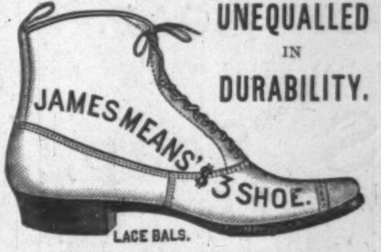
We particularly request those who have been paying **five or six dollars** for their Shoes to at least try on a pair of these before buying a new pair. The quality of these Shoes has won for them so high a place in public estimation that they stand to-day **absolutely without a rival.**

Ask your retailer for the **JAMES MEANS $3 SHOES.** Probably he has them in stock. If he has not, let him write to us for dealers' prices. We always carry a large stock, and can fill all orders the same day they are received.

None Genuine Unless Stamped on Sole

AS FOLLOWS:

James Means $3 Shoe



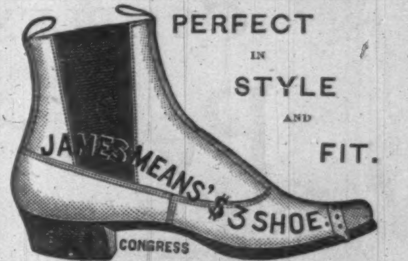
CAUTION! We have been informed that some Shoe retailers when they are asked for the **JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE,** reply that they "haven't it," but that they "have a better Shoe for the same price." You are probably aware that retailers always prefer to sell whatever they happen to have in stock, and the only way for you to get what you want is to insist upon having it, and send to us if you cannot get it. Wherever you live these Shoes are within your reach.

We sell to retailers on short credit only; therefore some dealers will urge you to take inferior goods which they buy on long credit. If you cannot persuade your retailer to carry an assortment of sizes of these goods, then go to another retailer or storekeeper and you will probably find them. If not, then send to us. We are not in the retail business and do not care to sell single pairs, but we intend to place our goods within the reach of all. We prefer to have you buy of your retailer; **but if you cannot, we will send you the Shoes by mail to any part of the United States.**

None Genuine Unless Stamped on Sole

AS FOLLOWS:

James Means $3 Shoe

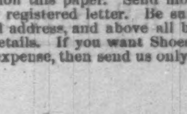


DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING BY MAIL.

Take a good-sized sheet of paper (brown wrapping paper will answer), and a tape line or string; draw the measure around the foot while the stocking is on; draw it closely enough to touch in every part without pinching. Measure where you see the lines in cut. When you have measured, write the measurements on your paper, then turn the sheet over and place it on the floor; place your foot upon it, bearing about half your weight, and then with a pencil held upright mark the shape of your foot on the paper. Press the pencil firmly against your foot all around. (See figure A.) Then take the best-fitting shoe you have, and mark the shape of that on the paper in the same way, keeping the point of the pencil close to edge and heel all the way around. State on your order whether you want Button, Congress, or Lace Shoes. The postage on Shoes is 48 cents for each pair. The Shoes will be sent on the same day your order is received. Enclose with your order $3.48, and direct the envelope plainly, as follows:

JAMES MEANS & CO.,

41 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.



Please mention this paper. Send money by post-office order or registered letter. Be sure to give us your name and address, and above all be strictly accurate in all details. If you want Shoes sent by express at your expense, then send us only $3.